

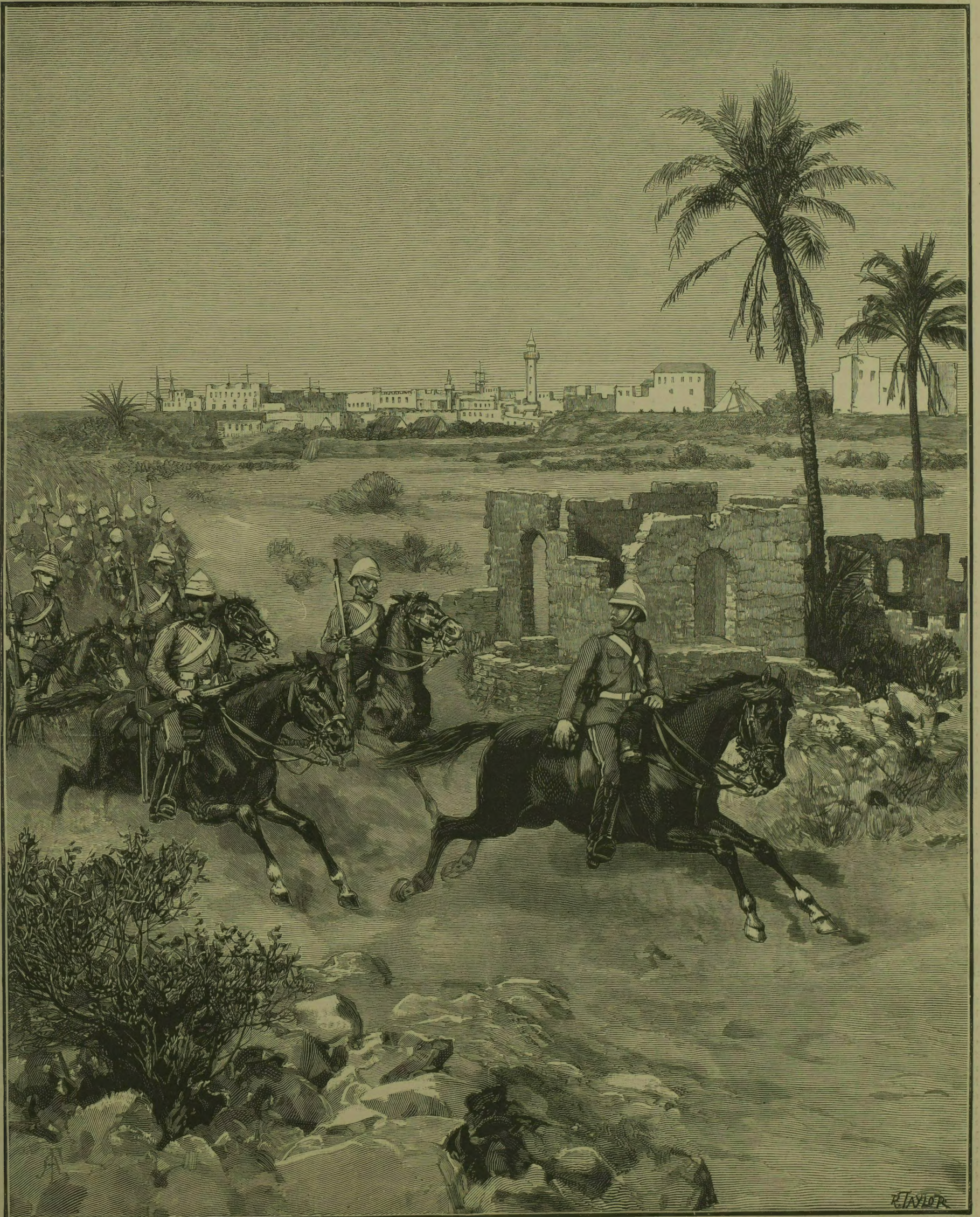
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CAVALRY GOING OUT ON A RECONNAISSANCE AT SUAKIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In reading Cooper's "Prairie" the other day for the first time these many years, I came upon a literary coincidence that I have never seen commented upon. It is with no object of belittling a great genius that I here allude to it—for the cuckoo-cry of "plagiarism," so common in these days, is to me a discordant note—but merely to show how the same fine idea sometimes strikes two noble minds. In the affecting scene that describes the death of "the Trapper" in extreme old age, whom we knew in youth as Deerslayer, and in maturity as Pathfinder, he is made to depart exactly as Colonel Newcome; not indeed with *adsum*, but with a similar reminiscence of the past upon his lips. "For a moment he looked about him, and then, with a fine military elevation of the head and with a voice that might be heard in every part of the assembly, he pronounced the word 'Here!'" His remembrance of his military service is obviously quickened by the presence of Middleton, himself a soldier, and with whose grandfather (in "The Last of the Mohicans") he had served the King. The whole scene has a beauty and tenderness which escaped me when I read it as a boy. We know that Thackeray was an admirer of Cooper, for he wittily describes the character of "Leather Stocking" as better than any in "Scott's lot"; but whether some fleeting recollection of this incident suggested the end of the good Colonel is more than doubtful. He had probably forgotten it altogether, as indeed had I; the similarity is what the excellent Paley calls (though in another sense), "an undesigned coincidence."

There are one or two things I wish people would not do at Christmas time, just for once. I wish they would abstain from printing (fortunately in most cases in some unintelligible type upon a scroll) the words, "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer." A more illogical conjunction was never penned. If Christmas came every day it would be reasonable enough, and the whole statement be significant of a plethora of food. It is, however, an infrequent festival, and when it does come should be proportionately enjoyed. "It is a poor heart which never rejoices," is its true parallel. "Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer" is the proper phrase. Also I do entreat my good friends at Christmas time and the New Year not to wish me "The compliments of the season;" it is not enough that nine-tenths of the good wishes expressed by our fellow-creatures for one another upon these festive occasions are compliments, without this frankness of saying as much. Say "Heaven bless you!" my dear friends, send me oysters, send me cheques, but don't wish me "The compliments of the season."

Even if the strange story of the skeleton of the baby "wrapped in Cloth of Gold" found in Edinburgh Castle, and put back again (like Sir Thomas, in the ballad, into the fish-pond) had turned out to be correct, it would probably not have made much difference to the succession of the English Crown; but what a satire it would have been upon the Divine Right of the Kings, and all the consequences that have flowed from it! For my part, I have never much believed in "blood," and have a rooted conviction that one baby is as good as another; but fancy if it had been Rizzio's baby (and the Stuarts were always a dark race) that had been substituted for the dead heir! To think of the loyalty, and life-blood, and treasure that, in that case, would have been wasted on the offspring of an Italian organ-grinder, makes the head go round as though one were listening to that very instrument. To use the language of the satirist, it would, indeed, have been "a most tremendous go," because so much would have gone with it. Fortunately, the baby in the Cloth of Gold—a little tarnished by this time, one would think—was out of it; there could have been, at least, no change of infants as happens in the novels, or else at this moment we might be entertaining the rightful heir to the British monarchy unawares, or perhaps refusing to entertain him, and even disputing the liability of one's parish so to do. My Stars and Garters (or *his*, if he only knew!), the whole subject is really too appalling; and yet in the history of the world—even if that of England has been free from them—there must have been scores and scores of such mock dynasties.

An American critic of the graver sort has published a lament that marriages in fiction are not as they should be; he complains not that so many roads in story should lead to matrimony, but that the wayfarers who join hand in hand at the altar should be so often characters unsuited to one another. "Swaggering blades are united to lovely, but pious, maidens; and profligates find eternal favour in the eyes of serious and dignified womanhood." He hopes to see all this altered, and nobody made a husband in a novel who is not worthy of that respectable position. But surely as long as novels pretend to be pictures of real life this can never be. The best of men do not (to begin with) always make the best of husbands, or, if they do, women do not think so. For his purpose of illustration the critic has taken extreme instances of dissimilarity; but some difference of taste and character adds zest to the matrimonial bond. "Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean," and so between them they made a satisfactory meal and without waste. It is quite true that nothing is more hopeless and deplorable than for a good woman to think she has a mission for the conversion of a bad man by marriage; but she falls into a plight almost as miserable when she marries a prig. A saint, again, is charming in his proper place—a niche in the church wall—but, I venture to think, not in the bonds of wedlock; to be righteous overmuch is, indeed (though I have been fortunate enough myself in matrimony), a fault generally obnoxious in a husband. When a male and female saint wed together, it is possible, indeed, that all may go well; but such unions are so uncommon, that, like the tenth place in decimals, they may be almost "disregarded." A marriage, on the other hand, of two very pronounced sinners (which would seem to find favour

with the critic), may, indeed, save a couple of saints, who might have otherwise intermarried with them, from persecution (which, however, is the proper lot of saints), but is likely to produce a progeny very injurious to mankind at large. Upon the whole, I think novelists are right in following the example set by both sexes in real life, and uniting their heroes with heroines after a pattern different from their own.

M. Charcot, one of the Jury of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, in complimenting a young lady who had obtained her doctor's degree, has passed anything but a compliment on her sex. Women, he says, pass their examinations, when they do pass them, even more satisfactorily than men; but what will be always a bar to their success is that they have no real love of their proposed profession. "What they aspire to is the first rank, the most prominent posts, the most lucrative offices"; and what they dislike is the humble and unpleasant, but necessary, service of humanity such as is given by the hospital dresser. To my mind, there never was a more unjust accusation. I know nothing of hospital life; but in that of the home, women shrink from none of those horrors of the sick-room from which man, in his sensitive delicacy and pure selfishness, blanches appalled; and it seems incredible that those who choose the nursing of the sick as their profession should be less resolute than their lay-sisters. It might be added (but that a joke is seldom well received by the softer sex) that it is notorious that women are fond of "dressing." I am myself devoted to them; but if they have a fault, it is that they cannot bear the least touch of the dart of ridicule. Even the feather end of it—its mere tickling—turns the Graces into Furies. This makes me very cautious in treating any of these "Women's questions," which are (I am given to understand) rending the civilised world, in a light vein; I am not musical, and have no ambition to share the fate of Orpheus. Let me say, then, in all seriousness, that the three articles on "The Progress of Women" that have appeared in the *Universal Review* for December are as good as anything that has yet been written on that subject. There is, however, a touch of pretence here and there. When the topic is education, the style of the pleasant paper on Somerville Hall is so unbrokenly serious that it reminds one of the too-enthusiastic actor who blacked himself all over for Othello; even the play of its students, we are told, "has a meaning and a purpose in it." Hockey is one of their games; and only think of playing hockey with a stick and a bung—and a purpose! There is also much interesting information in another paper about the new employments opened to women; and what is especially noteworthy in the article on their legal status is that Man is for once not treated in it as an antagonistic animal—the acts (of Parliament) he has of late years performed to his own detriment and the advantage of the female meeting with generous acknowledgment. How it should ever have entered into the heads of our Minervas that we were hostile to them is inconceivable to anyone who has witnessed an action for breach of promise of marriage. No woman would ever prefer a jury of matrons for that inquiry, I am well convinced.

M. Carnot is held by some of his countrymen to have an eye not only "fixed, glassy, and lugubrious," but maleficent—an evil eye. They don't say which eye it is, but it must be "a piercer." When he went officially to look at Savoy, the river, we are told, overflowed its banks; and when he visited Fontainebleau there were fires. To blow hot and cold in the same breath is a trifling feat compared with this evocation of two antagonistic elements by a glance of the eye. Can he not be persuaded to close it, and use the other one? In Scotland the belief in the evil eye is common enough, but the sovereign remedy against it—twisting a branch of the mountain ash with the hair of a cow's tail—is, fortunately, within reach of the majority of the population. Psychologists tell us that the superstition simply arises from the influence of the eye of any "masterful" person, who is also inclined to be what the vulgar call "nasty"—i.e., malignant—which impresses the weak-minded. Cæsar Borgia was a gentleman of this stamp; Tamerlane's eyes were so terrible in their expression that out of a delicate consideration "he abstained from looking too earnestly on those who conversed with him;" and our own Edward I., though exceedingly handsome, had eyes that seemed to scorch those who looked at them. All these were credited with the evil eye, but to accuse the mild and gentlemanly M. Carnot of possessing it is as outrageous as to charge some innocent wet nurse with bewitching the cows.

The rage for cheapness in literature is becoming a nuisance. If you buy what is called a "standard" work, it is an even chance that it has been "pruned," like a standard rose, not, however, to get rid of any redundancy, but in order to decrease its supply of "copy," and therewith the expense of production; and, unhappily, it is not every editor who labours in the literary vineyard that understands the thinning of grapes. Moreover, it is not such a bargain as it looks, to buy a book for sixpence, printed in such small type that when you have got through it you find it has cost you your eyesight. I am the last person in the world to care for the externals of a volume, but I like it to be what it describes itself to be on its titlepage, and fit for ordinary eyes to read. All else is leather and prunella (or, more likely, paper covers), but these are essentials. Yet now, as if the contents of our book-stalls were not cheap enough, we have "lending libraries" in the trains. For the aristocratic passenger by the Pullman car to Brighton I see that "select" books are appropriately provided on loan, and also note (not without satisfaction) that they steal them. Of course they do. What can you expect of people who have plenty of money and yet will not spend a shilling on a railway journey upon literature?

There are few writers who can handle the supernatural without making either themselves or their subject ridiculous; but Mrs. Oliphant is one of them. She has proved it in "The

Beleagured City," but still more conclusively in "The Land of Darkness." When I first read it, it struck me as the finest article ever written in a magazine; and its impression is no less favourable in book form. A good judge of letters once told Anthony Trollope that his "Editor's Tales" showed his genius more than anything; to which he replied that nobody (he meant, of course, in comparison with his novels) had read them. It is quite possible that fewer people will read "The Land of Darkness" than the novels by the same author, but those who do will be the wiser for it. She seems in it to give rein to those powers which, as Lucas Malet points out in a recent admirable criticism of her works, she is too apt to restrain. We see in it, for once, her great resources—not the mere current coin with which she is so free, but her deposit account. The narrative is enthralling, in spite of its melancholy nature, and seems to have something of inspiration in it—like a supplemental leaf of the Scriptures.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health at Osborne, takes walks and drives daily. A special service was performed in the chapel at Osborne on Dec. 19, in memory of the late lamented Prince Alexander of Hesse, whose funeral took place at Darmstadt the same day. The Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia attended, and all the members of the household; the Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiating. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Clerk, arrived on the 22nd from Darmstadt, having crossed over from Portsmouth in H.M. yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton. On Sunday morning, the 23rd, the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service; the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Osborne on the 24th; and on Christmas Day the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine service in the morning; the Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A. (Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty), officiating.

The Prince of Wales honoured the Marquis de Santurce with a visit recently at Wadhurst Park, Sussex, for two days' shooting. The Prince and Princess of Wales received Count and Countess Deym at Marlborough House on Dec. 20 on Count Deym being accredited as Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently received the Spanish Ambassador on his departure from London, upon being transferred to the Embassy at Rome. The Duc de Chartres visited the Prince and Princess and remained to luncheon. The Prince on the 21st unveiled the statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Mr. Boehm, and erected opposite Apsley House, in the presence of a numerous and influential company. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain Holford, arrived at Marlborough House from visiting Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, Dorsetshire. The Prince was present on the 22nd at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History). His Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. On Christmas Eve the Prince and Princess and their family were present at the annual distribution of beef to all the labourers on the Royal estate. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the three Princesses, were present on Christmas morning at the service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, the church being seasonably decorated. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were in attendance. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated and preached.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

"*La reine le veut!*" Welcome, indeed, was this ancient formula to all legislators who heard it delivered, after Royal sanction had been given to the Appropriation Bill and the final batch of measures, in the House of Lords on the Twenty-fourth of December. Not for thirty-six previous years had Parliament sat in the last month of the year. The relief of separating the day before Christmas Day was indubitable. The number of Peers present was few; but a goodly gathering of hon. members followed the Speaker to the Upper House. In their robes of scarlet cloth and ermine and ancient hats, the Royal Commissioners—Lord Halsbury, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Kintore, Lord Colville, and Lord Esher—sat in front of the Throne, and contributed a brilliant bit of colour to the scene in the gilded chamber.

The Queen's Speech, read with exemplary clearness by the Lord Chancellor, was of marked brevity, considering the extraordinary duration of the third Session of her Majesty's Twelfth Parliament—a Session which began on the Ninth of February. The Royal Address opened, not unnaturally, with an expression of the Queen's "great satisfaction in being able to release you from your protracted labours." Her Majesty then regretted that the Fisheries Convention with the United States had not "commended itself to the judgment of the Senate," but trusted that the "temporary arrangements" adopted would "prevent any immediate inconvenience arising from this decision." A reference to the Convention for the abolition of the sugar bounties was succeeded by this congratulatory allusion to General Grenfell's dashing action at Souakim: "The dispersion of the besieging forces has been effected by a brilliant military operation on the part of the Egyptian troops, supported by a British contingent." Our co-operation with Germany to establish a naval blockade of the part of the Zanzibar coast in a state of insurrection was justified on the score of "the renewed vigour of the slave trade" in that quarter. The next paragraph was devoted to the success of the Black Mountain and Sikkim expeditions in India, and to a statement that Ishak Khan's rebellion in Afghanistan had been subdued by the Ameer. Mention was made of the suppression of the rising in Zululand by British troops and the native levies, the disaffected chiefs awaiting their trial before a Special Commission. It was next hoped that the financial measures passed would "materially increase the public resources of the country, without adding to its fiscal burdens"; and claimed that the measures "for extending the functions and improving the machinery of local government in England" were "calculated to increase the loyal attachment of my people to their institutions."

Baron Halsbury added that Parliament was prorogued till the Thirty-first of January. But overworked senators may, with reason, indulge in the hope that the date for reassembling may be further postponed to some weeks later.

PICKINGS FROM THE POTTERIES.

"Man is an animal what collects things." Such is a child's definition of Creation's lord. It does not differentiate him from a jackdaw; but it is sufficiently correct for the object of this paper. A "china-maniac" is the name given by rational and sober Philistines to those who gather around them the vases of "Chelsea" and "Sèvres," and the services of "Worcester" and "Crown Derby"; to whom the figures of Dresden and Bow are more than real men and women, and who sigh for the lost glories of "Plymouth" and "Bristol," and are ever ready to dispute the actuality of "Lowestoft." But the ridicule of two centuries leaves the china-maniac's position stronger than ever. The method in his madness has satisfied British commercialism, and he is safe. But what can be said of the Pottery-maniac?

Prescription has not yet rendered his title to sanity indisputable. Are the assiduous collectors of Staffordshire figures and cottage faience; the proud owners of vermilion stags with yellow spots; the proprietors of blue dogs, green sheep, and purple rabbits; the cupidinous hunters of the dainty salt-glaze tea-pots and the tortoise-shell and agate wares of Whieldon and his contemporaries,—are these to go down to posterity unwept, unsung, unknown?

The infancy of an art is frequently its most interesting, occasionally its most fortunate, period. To watch, a century later, how ideas began to formulate, and scientific and empirical knowledge grow, has always been of interest to the few; and these few have formed the collections which stimulate others, and cause the fiercest competition among the cognoscenti. Collectors are the links which connect the present and the past: they may be rusty, they may be cracked, but they are indispensable.

Pottery does not seem to have made much progress in England before the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

The rough, many-handled "tygs," most English of all the potter's work, the posset-cups and candlesticks made of coarse earthenware and rudely decorated with quaint devices and pithy proverbs, standing out in relief in colours of bright orange and yellow, made no pretence to elegance or refinement. They represent the coarse jocular or rude loyalty of the old English potter. The fearful and altogether counterfeit presentments of William III., of Mary his Queen, of Anne, and of George I., do more credit to his loyalty than to his artistic qualities. A drinking-cup inscribed with some such phrase as "The best is not too good," was given by a potter to the friend and companion of his cups. A cradle of the same rude ware was given to his friend's wife upon the birth of her first child. To a woman who was more than usually curious might have been presented the plate, now in existence, upon which is depicted Lot's wife, the pillar of salt, and two angels, while below is the inscription, "Remember Lot's wife. 1727." Allusions to the Bible (not always in the best taste) were common amongst these rude and semi-civilised potters. John Wesley, nearly a century later, experienced very rough usage at their hands.

The "tygs," to which reference has been made, were drinking-cups of coarse clay, whose chief characteristic was found in the handles, of which there were never less, and generally more, than two. Whether the word is derived, as it has been suggested, from the Latin *tegula*, a tile, or from the Anglo-Saxon, *tigel*, which also means a tile, or anything made of clay, does not signify here. The word is local, and apparently used in Staffordshire and the Potteries only.

Whatever may be its derivation or real meaning the tyg played an important part in the daily life of the Early English potters. Its very shape conducted conviviality. The handles pointed coaxingly every way. Each drinker could carry it to his mouth, just as it stood on the table; there was no necessity for him to circumvent it to find the handle. Around its lip, wreathing it, as it were, with an alluring smile, was a convivial adage or a trenchant maxim.

One vessel of common shape, essentially English, and rarely found in the Continental drinking-cups, had two handles only. These were both placed on the same side, near together, but sloping away from one another. Such a tyg would be used by two men when drinking. At a large gathering the tygs would have more than two handles.

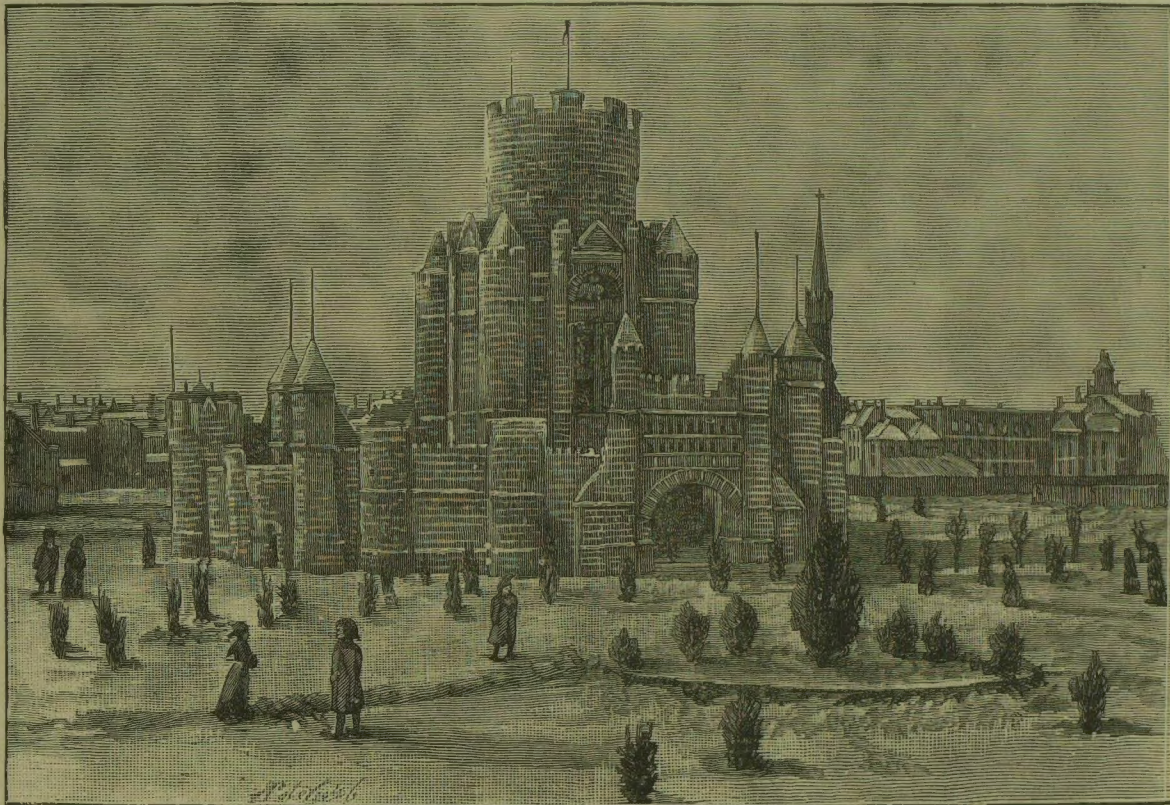
Inside the old Norwegian silver tankards, and the very early earthenware English vessels, pegs or knobs were frequently placed; and the drinkers were limited, at each drink, to the amount of liquor between one peg and another. In the old bouts wagers were often made that one man would drink, at a draught, more pegs of liquor than another. Each man would endeavour, literally, to lower his opponent's record. The expression, "taking a man down a peg" is said to have arisen from this custom. In the later vessels or tygs the handles supplied the divisions for testing the quantity of liquor drunk. These handles were looped down the side, each loop joining the side of the cup at an equal distance from the next. As earthenware became commoner, and consequently cheaper, these sociable old tygs disappeared, and the individual beer-mug, interesting but solitary, took their place.

The Slip ware, as the productions are rightly called, were, perhaps, the earliest English pottery that we can safely attribute to any one maker; unless, indeed, we except John Dwight's Fulham ware. It was often called Toft ware, on account of the names of Thomas and Ralph Toft being found on so many of the plates and dishes of that period. It is, however, by no means peculiar to these men or their family; at least a dozen names are handed down to us on as many dishes. These dishes were in all probability "show" or presentation pieces, larger than those in ordinary use, and only brought out on special occasions. They would therefore run less risk of breakage than the commoner pieces, and have thus come down to us as strange and interesting mementoes of a cottage life nearly 200 years ago. The Tofts were a family probably of Dutch extraction who settled in Staffordshire. A number of fine examples of this ware, many of which are now in the British Museum, have been discovered at Wrotham, in Kent.

One of the earliest forms of decoration of plain earthenware

was by means of the lines or "slips" of a different colour "trailed" all over the surface of the earthen vessel, in the form of patterns, lettering, or other devices. The ornamentation, in fact, gave the name to the ware. The coloured clay was mixed with water until it acquired the consistency of cream. It was then poured into a bottle with a narrow spout, like a modern oil-can, and the "artist" poured it out into any pattern which he fancied. There was also another method of employing the coloured clay. The dish itself, before firing, and when in a damp state, was pressed down upon an "intaglio" mould, which left the pattern standing out in relief. The coloured clay was then poured in a liquid state all over the depressed portions up to the level of the raised ones, thus giving a coloured ground to the dark pattern. There is a candlestick of this ware in the Jermyn-street Museum, dated 1649, which is probably the earliest dated piece known; but there is no doubt that this sort of ware was in use at a much earlier date. It is not known whether it was first made at Wrotham or in Staffordshire; but there seems no doubt that the Wrotham potters had more idea of form, while the Staffordshire "Tofts" showed more power of illustration. The examples of both are numerous in the British and South Kensington Museums. Slip ware is still made in some districts for the commonest sort of pans and pipkins. In Switzerland and other parts of the Continent the lover of rich colours and mere "decorativeness" may obtain for a few pence what pounds cannot procure for him in England. *Verbum sapientibus*, this is a ware which it is not hard to imitate, and collectors should be cautious.

One of the best known collectors of Early English pottery, and the author of a charming and useful work on the subject, showed the writer a fine two-handled posset-cup, for which he had paid pounds, and which (there was a twinkle in his eye as he told the story against himself) his own pupil had manufactured, and then "planted" in a cottage in the country. The ruse succeeded, and the posset-cup stands amidst its ancient and genuine prototypes—a standing reproach to the "zeal" of the collector, which has not infrequently "eaten him up." These rude dishes and jars play a most important part in the history of pottery in England. They were the beginning of an art which, culminating at the end of the eighteenth century, in the productions of Josiah Wedgwood,



ICE-PALACE AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

brought not only riches, but a world-wide renown to its exponents, and established on the Continent the artistic credit of England.

T. T. G.

The Rev. A. C. Fox, head-master of the Grammar School, Tideswell, Derbyshire, has been appointed head-master of the Reigate Grammar School.

The Duke of Buckingham has again given a remission of 12 per cent to his agricultural tenants.—The Duke of Portland has made a reduction of 20 per cent in the rents due from his tenants on his Lybster estate.—At Earl Cowper's rent audit held at Panshanger, a remission of 15 per cent was again allowed to his agricultural tenants, being at the same rate as for several successive half-years.

Mr. Henry Tate, sugar refiner, of London and Liverpool, has presented £2500 to the Liverpool Institute, for founding four Tate Scholarships, value eighteen guineas; and has also sent to the same institution a cheque for £1750, to provide a scholarship of the annual value of sixty guineas, as a memorial to the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the same to be tenable for two or three years at any college connected with any English University.

There died recently, in the hamlet of Whittington, Norfolk, a labouring man named Robert Woodcock, aged sixty-eight years. Shortly before his death he called his eldest son to his bedside, and told him he was dying. He then handed him the key of a certain box, which had formerly belonged to the sick man's father, and told the son that he would find in the box what he required. On opening the box the son, to his astonishment, found 1900 sovereigns. The deceased had been of very penurious habits, denying himself and family almost the bare necessities of life. His wife died about three months ago, and in her last illness she was indebted to the kindness of friends and neighbours for articles of nourishment.

According to the Board of Trade returns of the lives saved along British coasts, it appears that during the last statistical year, ending June, 1888, 3166 shipwrecked persons were rescued. More than one-third of these escaped in the boats belonging to the wreck; rather more than a quarter were taken off by other ships or steamers; 443 were saved by Coastguard boats, luggers, and other small open vessels; 374 were saved by life-boats; and 286 were hauled ashore by the rocket apparatus or ropes. Only three persons escaped a watery grave by their own "individual exertion." Comparing these figures with similar data for previous years, it appears that the total saving of life is below the average, though it is considerably greater than was the case in 1886, 1885, or in 1880.

ICE-PALACE AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

The winter in Minnesota is about the severest of any part of the United States; it lasts fully six months, and the frost registers 40 deg. below zero. Although fatal consequences may follow from prolonged exposure, persons in health, well fed and properly clad, find that the cold is exhilarating, and not nearly so unpleasant to bear as that we have often felt in England. Taking advantage of these conditions, the municipal authorities of the thriving city of St. Paul, on the Mississippi, erect annually, at a cost of many thousand dollars, in the City Park, a magnificent Ice-Palace of fanciful design, usually taking the form of a baronial castle, like that represented in our Illustration. It is formed of blocks of ice, about 30 in. long by 15 in. wide and 15 in. thick, cut from the Mississippi River, which flows through the city. The edifice is about 250 ft. in length, and the main tower has an elevation of 90 ft. Many hundred people can assemble at once within its crystal walls. In the day-time, under the clear cold sky, as the light catches its various salient points and projections, the Ice-Palace is a striking object; but when lit up, as it is at night, with various coloured electric lights, its appearance is truly beautiful. During its existence, a carnival is held in the park by the various snow-shoe clubs and toboggan clubs. As the winter passes away this solid-looking structure slowly and gradually disappears, so that, by the end of April, all that remains of so much magnificence is a pool of water.

THE LAST EXPLORATIONS OF M. DE BRETTE.

M. De Brettes, of whose early travels in the Grand Chaco to the south of the Rio Vermejo a brief account has already appeared, has just returned to Paris from a second expedition, with reference to which he furnishes some interesting particulars to the *Journal des Débats*. Having started from France in May, 1886, intrusted with a mission by the Minister of Public Instruction, he was detained by difficulties of one kind and another upon American soil for sixteen months, and prevented from penetrating into the Chaco. He did not, however, allow this time to be wasted, for he purchased a yacht, and with the help of a French engineer, M. De Boisviev, he completed the hydrographical survey of the Lake Ypa-Carai which had been commenced twenty-seven years before by the English engineers Burrell and Valpy, but interrupted by the Paraguay War in 1864. At the instigation of the Consul of Bolivia, M. De Brettes then entered the Chaco for the second time (Oct. 13, 1887), starting from Apa, on the frontiers of Brazil, and making for Baranquerita (the Northern Chaco). His escort then consisted of fifty Guana Indians and a single native of Paraguay who had resolved to accompany him, and who was nicknamed accordingly by his compatriots "Guapo" (the brave man). But this brave man soon took fright, and fled back to Apa half dead with terror. M. De Brettes then travelled through the territory of the Guana Indians, who were then at war with their mortal enemies the Chamacocas, and he was himself attacked by this tribe and slightly wounded. He continued his march westwards for six days, suffering terribly from thirst, and he at last reached Bolivian territory, ten days' march from Pilcomayo, having gone through the hitherto unexplored territories of the Guanas, the Kamananghas, the Baughis, the Neensemahas, and the Akseks. During the whole of this difficult march he did not fail to take note of all the important geographical positions, and thus, for instance, he followed for upwards of seventy miles a *senda* (Indian path) which leads from the Rio Paraguay to Bolivia across the Chaco. This was the knotty point of the problem, and M. De Brettes further ascertained that this *senda* runs through a perfectly flat country, and that there would be no difficulty in clearing the road which Bolivia so much desires to make. He also came upon some very curious brick ruins to the right of this Indian tract in latitude 21 deg. 48 min. south, longitude 63 deg. 07 min. west meridian of Paris. The Indians who accompanied him said that beneath the round monuments, like low towers, which M. De Brettes saw, were tombs; but he was unable to verify this, though he extracted from some of the cavities in the ground some fine specimens of pottery similar to those found in the tombs of the Aymaras of Bolivia, whence M. De Brettes concludes that the Incas' dominion must have extended far beyond the Andes. Among the pieces of pottery which he has brought back is a duplicate of what M. Jacquemart describes as the *chef d'œuvre* of American pottery, a vase which is now in the Louvre. In addition to the potteries of the Incas his collection comprises Guanas and Chamacocas vases of modern manufacture and a great number of Indian articles, such as violins, costumes made of feathers, necklaces of all kinds, and arms used for the chase and the battlefield.

Mr. W. MacGeough Bond, barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, and member of the Cairo Bar, has been appointed to the Judgeship in the native Court of Appeal at Cairo formerly filled by the late Mr. Sheldon Amos.

Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, which was recently bought by a company of gentlemen at the Cardigan Estates sale, has been resold to Colonel North for £10,000—the price at which the company bought it—and it has been presented by the Colonel to the town of Leeds, his birthplace.

At a meeting in connection with the National Fruit Growers' League, a resolution was passed, after considerable discussion, emphasising the importance of the movement promoted by the league, in the interest not only of the rural districts but of the larger towns, as tending to the more profitable use of the soil and the more equitable distribution of the population.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on Dec. 21, the marriage was celebrated of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, one of the assistant-masters at Eton, with Miss Caroline West, younger daughter of the Dean of St. Patrick's. The bridesmaids were Miss Eveleen Dickenson, Miss Mabel Dickenson, the Hon. Sybil Lyttelton, and Miss Mina MacDonell. The service was fully choral. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, and a large number of guests were present.

THE LATE JAMES SELBY.

The funeral of Mr. James William Selby, late driver of the Brighton "Old Times" coach, took place in Highgate Cemetery on Wednesday, Dec. 19. Eighteen stage-coaches, three private drags, and numerous brakes and broughams, driven by well-known whips, formed part of the procession. The funeral-car was covered with wreaths and floral emblems. The "Old Times" coach was driven by Captain Beckett, accompanied by Mr. A. F. McAdam, Mr. Carleton Blythe, Mr. Broadwood, Mr. Henry Hill, Mr. Walter Dickson, and the guard, Walter Godden. The "Virginia Water" coach, running between Oatlands Park and London, was driven by Mr. R. Falconer. The "Defiance," Bentley Priory coach; the "New Times," running between Guildford and London; the "Perseverance," Dorking coach; the "Comet," Brighton coach; the "Wonder," St. Albans coach; the "Excelsior," Tunbridge Wells coach; the "Vivid," Hampton Court coach; the "Hirondelle" (Hertford), the "Star" (Henley and Windsor), the "Champion" (Canterbury and Margate), the "New Age" (Hampton Court), and the private drags of Mr. Johnson and Mr. David Jenks took part in the procession. The cemetery was reached at half-past twelve. The burial service was performed by the Rev. Arthur F. A. Scholefield, M.A. Among those present at the grave were the Marquis of Ailesbury, Captain Stracey, and Mr. Trollope. Wreaths and floral tributes were sent by the Duke of Beaufort, Lord De Grey de Wilton, the Committee of the Pelican Club, Lord De Clifford, Colonel North, the Hon. M. Sandys, Mr. Seager Hunt, M.P.; Captain Airey, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, the Marquis of Ailesbury, Mr. S. Freeman, Mr. C. R. Hargreaves, the employees of Cowland and Selby, and several well-known actresses. The "Old Times" Brighton coach, it is said, will not run in future, and all the horses will be sold.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant died, on Dec. 23, at the residence of Sir M. Grant Duff, Twickenham.



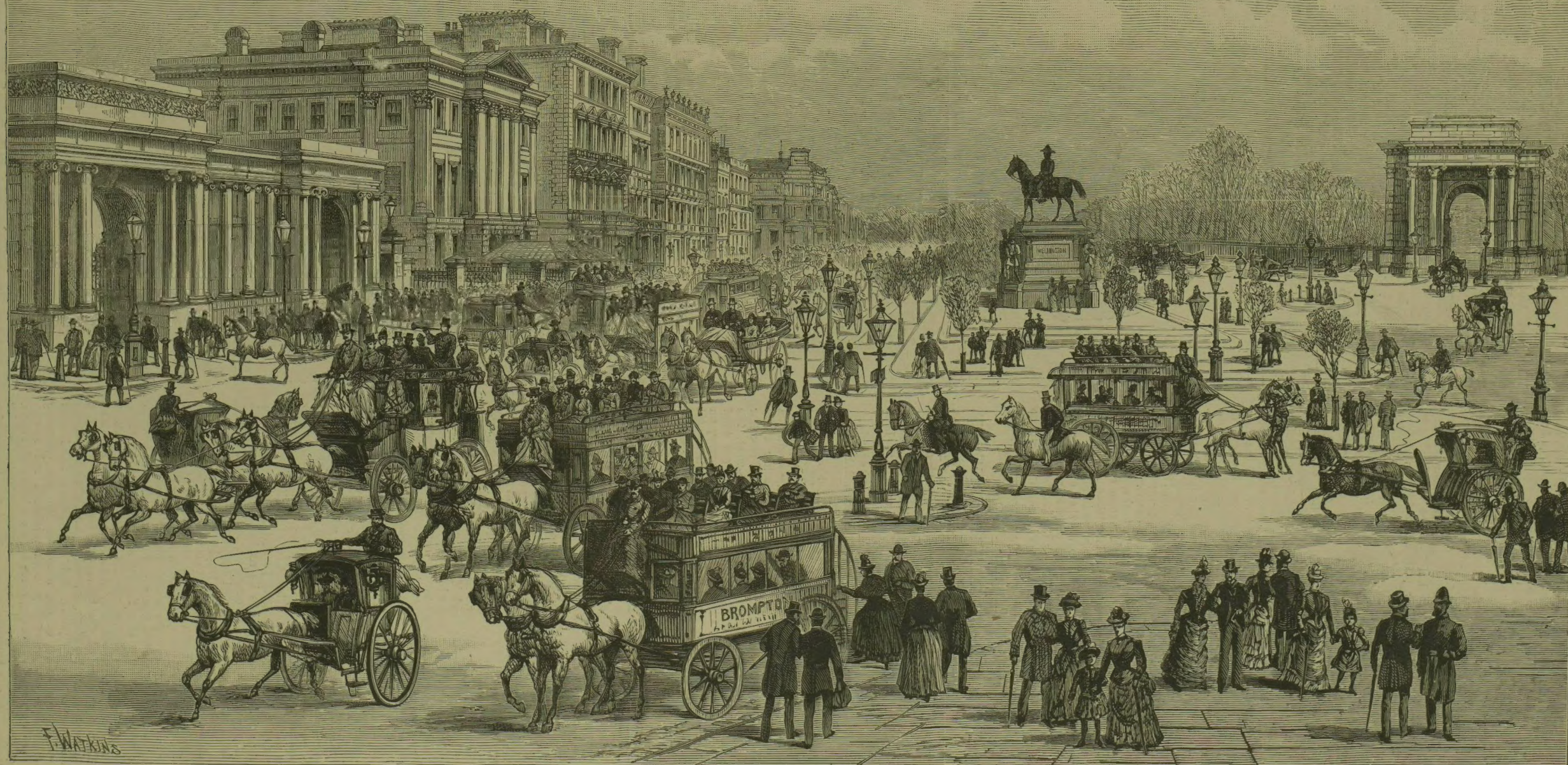
THE LATE MR. JAMES SELBY, WHIP OF THE "OLD TIMES" BRIGHTON COACH.

SUAKIN: DEFEAT OF THE ARABS.

The news of a great defeat inflicted on the hostile Arabs of the Soudan led by Osman Digna who were besieging Suakin, on the Red Sea coast, was received on Thursday, Dec. 20, with much satisfaction. This action had been performed on the morning of that day by the British and Egyptian troops of the garrison under the command of General Sir Francis Grenfell. The troops, numbering about four thousand of all arms, consisted of the Welsh Regiment, under Colonel Smyth, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Colonel Coke; the Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Barrow, with the 20th Hussars, under Major Irwin; the Royal Engineers, under Captain Foley; and two brigades of the Egyptian Army, each of three black battalions, the first commanded by Colonel Kitchener and the second by Colonel Holled Smith; with the Naval Brigade, under Commander May, from H.M.S. Racer and H.M.S. Starling. They were supported by the fire of Fort Gemazeh, which was under the command of Captain Shakespeare, and of Fort Shatar, commanded by Captain Jackson; and by that of H.M.S. Starling and the Egyptian steamers Noorbahr, Hodeida, and Damanhour, under Middlemass Bey. At seven o'clock in the morning, the forts opened fire on the trenches where the enemy lay; and the troops moved out, the Black Brigade on the right flank, and the cavalry and mounted infantry covering. The King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Welsh Regiment, and the Egyptian Brigade occupied the embankment between the forts, with the reserve of British infantry, while the forts shelled the trenches with a terrific fire. The enemy held their ground with intense courage till the Black Brigade charged the trenches, which were carried in half an hour. All the positions were occupied, and two guns were captured. The number of the enemy slain was reckoned to be nearly a thousand. The British loss was small. The 20th Hussars charged the enemy's cavalry and



SUAKIN, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR.



IMPROVEMENTS AT HYDE PARK-CORNER, AND NEW STATUE OF WELLINGTON.

dismounted men, and a hand-to-hand encounter ensued, the enemy losing severely, while the Hussars lost four men killed and four wounded. Lieutenant Brown, of the Royal Irish, was slightly wounded in the arm. The Egyptian troops, who fought most bravely, had about six killed and forty wounded. The enemy's trenches have been filled up and zerebas have been erected on the site, in a strong position. The country for miles round is now apparently clear. The civil population of the town was on the battle-field an hour after the fight, rendering assistance in filling up the trenches. The greatest relief is felt in the town.

The town, the port, and the military fortifications of Suakin have been described on former occasions. The town consists of two parts, one built on a small island near the head of the harbour, and the other built on the mainland, connection between the two being maintained by an artificial causeway. The part on the mainland, known as El Gaff, is defended by a wall, the extremities of which rest on the waters of the harbour. This wall is pierced by four gates and strengthened by seven bastions or forts, and a guard-house. Of the gates the Gazereh Gate, opening to the north, and the Shatar Gate, the main entrance to the town, opening to the west, are those most important. The line of defence beyond the wall consists of six outlying forts—namely, Fort Handoub, Fort Shatar, Fort Gemazeh, Fort Foolah, and Quarry Fort. Fort Shatar and Fort Gemazeh, otherwise known as the Right Water Fort and the Left Water Fort, stand about a thousand yards in advance of the Shatar Gate, and the same distance from one another. These are hexagonal structures of masonry two storeys high. The lower storey is merely pierced with loopholes, access to the building being obtained through a doorway in the upper storey, reached by means of a ladder, which can be hauled up at will by the garrison. Round this upper storey runs a projecting wooden gallery, looped for rifle-fire, while the flat roof is surrounded by a stone parapet similarly available. Each fort is strengthened with outlying defences, in the shape of stone walls, trenches, earthworks, and zerebas of cut thorn-bush, and is armed with Krupp cannon and machine-guns. Between these two forts extends a broad and solid earthen embankment, six or seven yards in height. This embankment had been built with the view of checking the flow of rain water coming down one of the main ravines leading from the hills inland, but is now utilised for defensive purposes. A redoubt has been thrown up near its centre to help Fort Gemazeh, which has to some extent suffered from the enemy's fire.

THE HYDE PARK-CORNER IMPROVEMENTS.

The new equestrian statue of the great Duke of Wellington, substituted for that which formerly stood on the arch at the top of Constitution-hill, Hyde Park-corner, nearly opposite his residence, Apsley House, was unveiled on Friday, Dec. 21, by the Prince of Wales. The original statue has been removed to the Long Valley at Aldershot. The arch has been re-erected a few yards to the east of its former position, and now forms an entrance to the Green Park. The statue, which is of bronze, the sculptor being Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., represents the Duke seated on his famous horse Copenhagen. His left hand holds the reins, and his right hand holds an open telescope, the arm resting full-length by his side. The pedestal rises from a platform, with steps of Aberdeen grey granite, artistically bordered in grey and red granite, surrounding a centre of mosaic. At the four corners stand, rather above life-size, four warriors: at the north-east, the British Grenadier of the early part of this century; at the north-west, the representative of the Scotch, in a soldier of the old 42nd Highlanders, wearing the kilt; at the south-east corner, an Irish Dragoon; and at the south-west, a Welsh Fusilier. All these are in bronze. The statues were cast by Messrs. Moore and Co., of Thames Ditton. The mosaic was furnished by Messrs. Burt and Co., of Wenman-street. The work of the Hyde Park-corner improvement was carried out by Mowlem and Co., from the designs of Mr. John Taylor, of her Majesty's Office of Works.

The rain came down as the crowd stood watching patiently till a cheer announced the coming of the company, and way was made for the guests of the Duke of Wellington, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge (Commander-in-Chief), the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, Earl Granville, Lord Dorchester, Lord De Lisle, Earl Cadogan, Lord Sudeley, Lord Alcester, Lord Magheramorne (representing the Metropolitan Board of Works), Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Mr. Plunket, M.P. (representing the Office of Works), Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, Sir F. Leighton, Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. John Taylor (of the Office of Works), and Mr. Boehm, the sculptor. No addresses were delivered, but when the statue was unveiled, the Prince and the company saluted, and the crowd outside raised a responsive cheer. The statue is in exact line with the centre of Apsley House. Our illustration is a view of the whole ground, looking eastward to Piccadilly.

THE "TRUTH" DOLL-SHOW.

The eighth annual exhibition of dolls and other children's toys, founded by the proprietor of *Truth*, was opened for two days, in the week before Christmas, at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street. It was a various collection of 23,000 articles, many of them ingenious and beautiful, including 3800 dolls, presented by subscribers to that journal, or purchased with the fund raised by an appeal to its readers. These pretty and amusing playthings, some of considerable artistic merit, filled the large hall formerly occupied by Madame Tussaud's wax-work figures; and an immense trophy of toys covered the whole of the end wall, from floor to ceiling, and from door to door, arranged with much taste for the display of masses of colour. Upon the long centre table were ranged the home-made, competitive toys, for which money prizes were given. Conspicuous among these was a cleverly-constructed switch-back railway, with its cars filled with passengers, its staircases for exit and entrance, and its attendants and visitors. The switchback was worked by means of cords. The Palace of Truth was another of the home-made toys, representing a picturesque palatial cottage, covered with varnished fir-cones, and having a pillared porch, and flower-boxes, filled with plants, on the ledges of the windows. In the extensive grounds were a conservatory, with miniature red flower-pots within, a rockery, shrubs, garden-seats, a lake with swans, coach-house, and stable, and a tennis-court already marked for a game. In one home-made toy, entitled "A Corner of a Zoo," were various kinds of animals, and a hundred small dressed dolls, some promenading, others riding in the elephant's howdah and on a camel, and some dressed as bandmen. Another toy reproduced a ward in a children's hospital, with beds, sick dolls, nurses, and picture-hung walls, interspersed with mottoes, all complete. There were fifty large dolls, exquisitely dressed, and originally costing over half-a-guinea each. The smaller dolls were arranged on six enormous pyramids, about 20 ft. high; a grotesque head formed the apex of each pyramid. The large dolls were arranged upon a capacious table, and some of them are represented in our Artist's Sketches. It

would be impossible to describe these wonderful dolls in detail. The dolls and toys, and 10,000 new sixpences have been distributed to children in the London hospitals and workhouses.

NAWAB MAJOR AFSUR JUNG.

When the Ameer Abdurrahman, ruler of Afghanistan, in August last, made an arrangement with Lord Dufferin's Government to receive a British political Mission at Cabul for the purpose of discussing affairs, the British diplomatic agents selected were Mr. H. M. Durand, C.S.I., Secretary to the Foreign Department of the Indian Government; Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, Private Secretary to the Viceroy; and Colonel Chamberlain, the Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief; accompanied by Lieutenant Manners Smith, Military Attaché to the Foreign Office; and Dr. Owen. A native Indian member of this Mission was also appointed, namely, the Nawab Major Afsur Jung, in the service of the Nizam of Hyderabad; but the Mission has for some months been put in abeyance, owing to the Ameer of Afghanistan being engaged in his war against the rebellion headed by Ishak Khan, in the provinces north of the Hindoo Khoosh mountains. In the meantime, Major Afsur Jung joined the recent expedition under command of General M'Queen to put down the hostile tribes of the Black Mountain. He is a keen and brave soldier, and did good service as commander of the



NAWAB MAJOR AFSUR JUNG,
One of the British Mission to Cabul.

Khyber Rifles, being the first officer belonging to a Native State of India who has ever commanded troops in a British expedition. His photograph has been sent to us by Mr. W. E. Hill, of Hyderabad, in the Deccan; and we present the portrait of Major Afsur Jung as a token of that friendly feeling towards the British Indian Empire which was lately so magnanimously expressed by his Highness the Nizam in offering to contribute to the military expenses of our Government, and which is highly appreciated by its rulers.

The Pope delivered a long allocution on Dec. 24 to the members of the Sacred College, who offered their good wishes for the New Year. The whole world, he said, saw how painful his situation was, for even his own person was exposed to the threats of the mob.

The Italian Chamber has passed a vote approving the international and military policy of the Government, and adopted the Bill authorising the Extraordinary Military Expenses.

The Second Chamber of the Netherlands States-General has passed the colonial section of the Budget by 72 votes to 18, notwithstanding a declaration on the part of the Liberal Party of want of confidence in the Minister for the Colonies.

Intelligence coming apparently direct from Mr. Stanley affords a reasonable hope that he is still in safety. Letters dated Aug. 29 have been brought to Zanzibar from Stanley Falls by Tippee Tib's men, in which it is stated that news had been received the previous day from Mr. Stanley, who was at Bonalya, on the Aruwhimi. He had left Emin Pasha eighty-two days previously in perfect health and with plenty of food. He himself had returned for his rearguard and intended leaving ten days later, presumably to rejoin Emin. All the white men were in good health. Another report, received from San Thomé, the nearest telegraph station to the mouth of the Congo, states that news, which is considered trustworthy, has been received of the arrival of the explorer and Emin Pasha at the Aruwhimi.

The Canadian Supreme Court at Ottawa, in the Canadian Pacific Railway crossing dispute, have decided unanimously that the province of Manitoba had a right to charter the Portage Extension of the Red River Valley Railroad, including the right to cross the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway free of all Dominion control save as to the plans of the crossing. This upholds Manitoba in her view of the subject. Much rejoicing is reported at Winnipeg.

The religious celebration on Christmas Day in London was remarkable for the large number of early services which were held, and in many churches the service was repeated at every hour up to noon. Generally the midday service was choral throughout. The congregations at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the principal London churches were unusually large.—The Queen's Christmas alms were distributed at the Royal Almonry, in Craig's-court, to over one thousand poor persons. The metropolitan and other garrisons throughout the country celebrated Christmas with the usual festivities. At all the hospitals and asylums under the control of the Asylums Board special entertainments were given to the inmates. In the hospitals and workhouses of the metropolis similar provisions were made, and in various districts of London good dinners were given to large numbers of the destitute poor, old and young.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The peremptory and sudden action of the War Office, on Tuesday, Dec. 18, in depriving the Honourable Artillery Company, without previous notice, of the field-battery of guns, and of the rifles and bayonets for the infantry battalion, simultaneously with the Prince of Wales resigning his commission as Captain-General and Colonel, and the Duke of Portland that of Lieutenant-Colonel, excited feelings of alarm and profound regret. It was supposed to be a prelude to the withdrawal of the Royal Warrant constituting the Honourable Artillery Company a regiment, and to its entire suppression and disbandment. The disarmament of the company, effected in such an unceremonious manner, and apparently without any just cause, was felt to be a harsh proceeding. No one, however, could for a moment doubt that the Prince of Wales had acted under a misapprehension of the circumstances, in allowing his resignation of an office which he has held for twenty-five years, to be announced with those of the Duke of Portland and of Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Borton, late Adjutant of the company. It is only a few weeks since a special General Court of the members—on the recommendation of the Captain-General (the Prince of Wales), and on the advice of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and Mr. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War—resolved that the regiment formed from the ancient company should voluntarily make itself subject to the Act of Parliament under which all ordinary Volunteer corps are enrolled. It became evident, however, that the settlement of the company as a Volunteer corps, but one possessed of property—which, in a Volunteer corps, would vest in the commanding officer—must require special arrangements. At the annual General Court held more recently it was apparent that the members would hesitate to agree unreservedly to complete the resolution previously adopted, unless there were further guarantees that the right of controlling the property and the preservation of the old privileges of seniority over all Militia, Yeomanry, and other Volunteer corps were maintained. A resolution was then passed which, reiterating the willingness of the company to become a Volunteer corps, stated that, in order to preserve the company as a distinct and separate body, it would be most satisfactory to the members if the Parliamentary powers necessary were obtained under a separate Act, other than the Volunteer Act. The company were ready to accept the provisions of the National Defence Act, under which they would be liable to be called out for service whenever the Militia was embodied. The court, however, rejected a motion which proposed to place at the disposal of the commanding officer (the Duke of Portland) the sum of £500 for military purposes, pending the proposed alterations. The court also deferred voting other sums of money for military purposes while awaiting further information; and it is this action of the court which has led to the extreme measures taken by the War Office. We trust, however, that the conferences now in progress between the Secretary of State for War and a deputation from the Court of Assistants of the company will result in an amicable settlement; and that the military organisation of the company will be restored and improved. The deputation is composed of Major Mainwaring Jones, the senior officer; Major Raikes, Major Durrant, Captain Nunn, Captain Pash, and Captain Fry. It may be remarked that the company, apart from military discipline, holds a tolerably independent position. Whatever may be the fate of the Royal Warrant under which the company has borne arms—and which was granted by the Queen at the time the late Prince Consort was Captain-General—the general impression is that the company may still go on as a civil corporation under its charter granted by Henry VIII., and by its authority may hold the properties whose revenues it has hitherto enjoyed.

The historical character of the Honourable Artillery Company, even if there were an end of its military usefulness as part of the Auxiliary Forces, gives it an interest equal to that of other City Companies, which were connected with trades now obsolete, but which are allowed to retain their charters and corporate property. From this point of view, our illustrations of the different uniforms worn by its members in past ages, the ancient arms of the company, and the portrait of Prince Rupert, who was its Captain-General in the reign of Charles I., show the antiquity of the institution; and the scene copied from an old engraving, in which its troops appear under the orders of Alderman Barnard Turner, the Sheriff of London, putting down the Gordon Rioters of 1780, proves that this company has rendered good service, upon occasion, to the cause of law and order. Its foundation, dating from the reign of Henry VIII., is much more ancient than that of any corps of the regular Army, though it was formed somewhat later than the Royal Yeomen of the Guards and the Gentlemen-at-Arms of the King's Household. Having been suppressed during the Commonwealth, it was revived under Charles II., when its Captain-General and Colonel was James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. The honorary command was subsequently held by King William III.; George, Prince of Denmark, the Consort of Queen Anne; George, Prince of Wales, afterwards King George II.; George, Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent and King George IV.; King William IV.; the Duke of Sussex; Albert, the late Prince Consort; and his son, the Prince of Wales, who will, it is to be hoped, resume it, as all members of this loyal company desire. The corporate affairs of the company are managed by its Court of Assistants, of which the president is Lord Colville of Culross, a former officer of the regiment; they are elected annually, and admit new members to the company by ballot, who pay an entrance fee and an annual subscription. Every Londoner knows the Armoury, in Moorfields, now City-road, near Finsbury-square, which is the head-quarters of the Honourable Artillery Company—a substantial and dignified building, which contains large and handsome rooms, adorned with portraits and military trophies, and to which a parade-ground of six acres and a spacious winter drill-room are attached. The regiment consists of a troop of light cavalry, an artillery division (both field and horse artillery), and a battalion of infantry mustering six companies, who practise rifle-shooting at their range in the Lea marshes near Tottenham. The cavalry and artillery wear a blue uniform, with scarlet facings; the infantry wear a scarlet tunic, with a bearskin cap, somewhat resembling the Grenadier Guards. The officers of the regiment, below the Captain-General and Colonel and the Lieutenant-Colonel, are usually an Adjutant, two Majors, seven or eight Captains, about twenty Lieutenants, a Quartermaster, an Inspector of Musketry, Surgeons, and a Chaplain. We earnestly hope that the regimental organisation may be preserved. It is well just now to remember that at Boston, in the United States, an American branch of the Honourable Artillery Company, founded in the British Colony of Massachusetts in 1638, is still flourishing; and that the Prince of Wales, following the example of his father, has accepted the honorary membership of that American Honourable Artillery Company, some of whose members have visited England. They would be sorry to hear that the London company had lost any portion of Royal favour.



Little old maids



A Sailor.



Don Quixote



Yeoman of the Guard



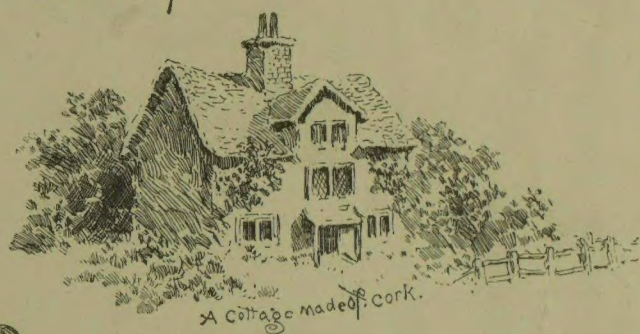
A Swiss maid



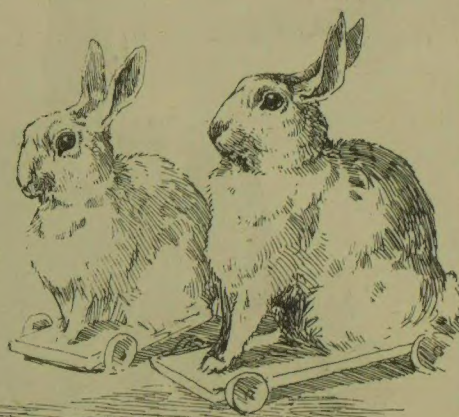
Three little maids from school



gay young dogs



A Cottage made of cork.



Extremes meet.



Among the Japs.



Louis Wain.



1. Prince Rupert, August, 1664.
2. Prince of Wales, 1888.

3. The first Regular Uniforms in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell.

4. The Oldest Uniforms, supporters of the Company's Arms, in cast iron, on [the stone at Moorfields].

5. Time of Queen Anne and George I.

6. Uniform of Artillery Division, 1797 to 1822.

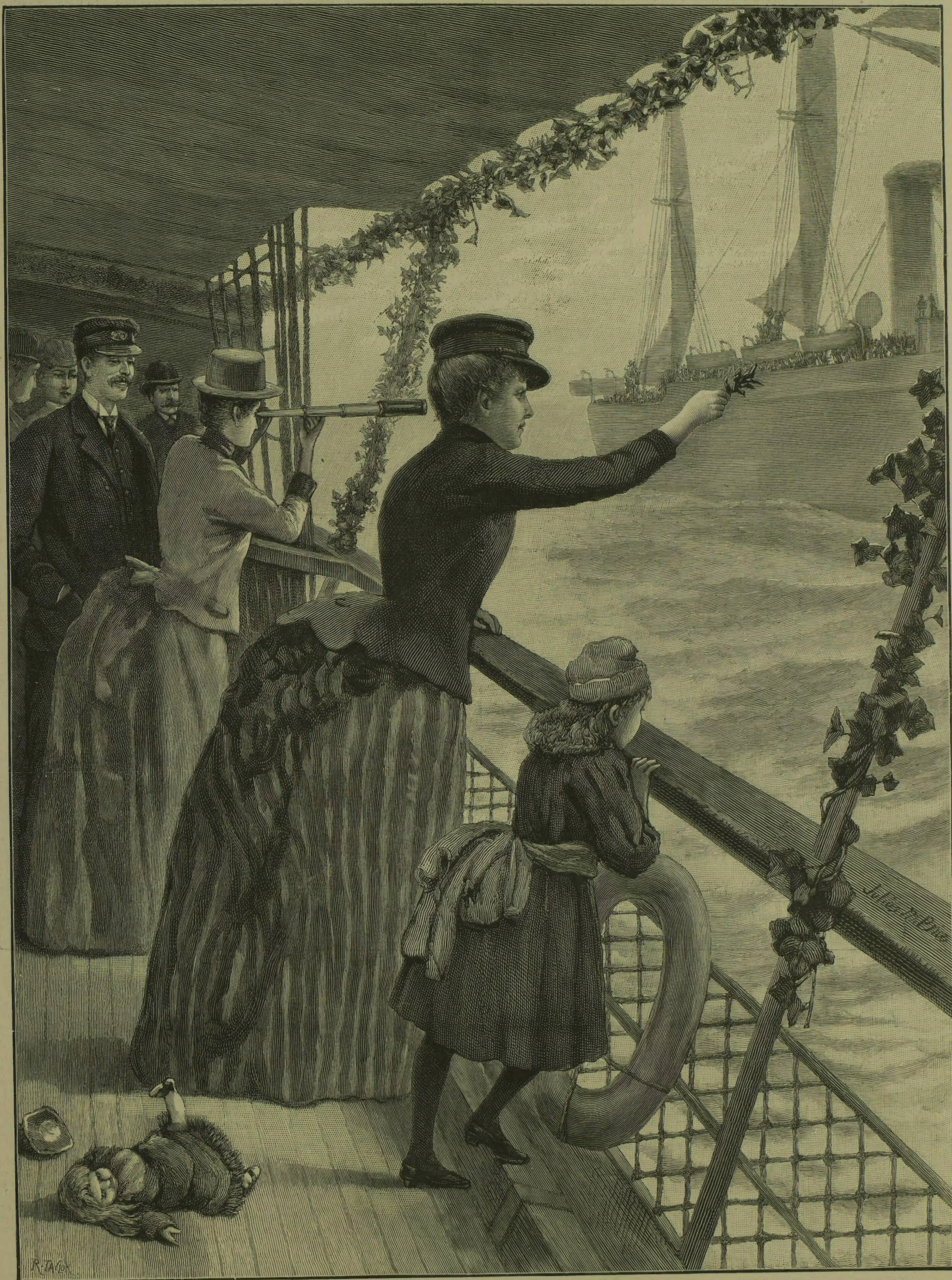
7. Acting under orders of the Sheriff of London in the Riots, 1780.

8. Uniform of Infantry Division, 1797 to 1822.

9. Uniform of Infantry Battalion, 1848.

10. Uniforms of the present time.

11. Uniform of Artillery and Infantry Division, 1822-48.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AT SEA.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

NEWGATE PRISON.

The demolition of this building, too famous in the gloomiest chapters of our social history, may be shortly expected. In presenting a view of its well-known front and a plan of the interior, with some illustrations of different apartments, a few remarks on the history of Newgate will seem appropriate. So far back as the reign of King John, there was a prison here, maintained by the Corporation of the City of London, who had also the Compter, in the Poultry, for the detention of minor offenders, and who, at a much later period, used Bridewell, near Blackfriars, for the punishment of disorderly apprentices and women. The ancient prison at Newgate was destroyed by the Great Fire of London, in 1666; another prison was then erected, which was that out of which Jack Sheppard, the notorious housebreaker, contrived to make his escape in the reign of George II. This building was pulled down in 1772; and the one now standing was erected, in different portions, between that date and 1782, the architect being Mr. George Dance, R.A.; but one part was burnt down, almost as soon as it was built, in the Gordon riots of 1780. The outer walls of granite are three feet thick; the front in Newgate-street is 115 ft. long, and that in the Old Bailey is 295 ft., with a stern, imposing aspect. There are two lodges for turnkeys, and the Keeper's house in the centre of the Old Bailey front; behind which is the chapel. The interior of the prison was re-arranged, in 1857 and 1858, from the designs of Mr. Bunning, the City Architect. The quadrangle, occupied by men convicted of felony, is 124 ft. by 46 ft., and each of the two wings forms another quadrangle; the position of the wards, and of the corridors and galleries to which the cells open, is shown in our plan. There are 168 ordinary cells, each measuring 13 ft. by 7 ft., and 9 ft. high, with a barred window 3 ft. 6 in.

high and 2 ft. 6 in. wide; the cells were warmed by hot air; and the furniture was a hammock-bed, slung at night across the width of the cell, a wash-stand with basin, a close-pan, a folding table fixed to the wall, a stool, and shelves of slate. Besides these, there are eight punishment-cells for the refractory, and sixteen reception-cells. The prison is calculated only for the accommodation of 123 male and 45 female prisoners, on the separate system; which is a small number for the extent of the buildings. In former times, before the separate system was introduced, Newgate was horribly overcrowded, and its condition excited the strong disapproval of John Howard. There was no classification of the inmates; criminals and debtors, the old and the young, convicts and those awaiting trial, were confined together; some who had money could bribe the warders, buy liquor, and indulge in drunkenness and gambling; the free conversation, with profane songs and tales of vice, was most corrupting. At one time, nearly 800 persons, of both sexes and all ages, were huddled up in Newgate; and a contagious fever broke out which caused many deaths. Mrs. Fry's benevolent labours were begun among the female prisoners here, of whom there were 150 at that period. By the removal of the debtors to Giltspur-street Compter, some of the grosser disorders were checked; but the place was found unsuitable for any proper course of prison discipline. It was therefore resolved, in 1818, to use it only for the safe custody of prisoners committed for trial; and the House of Correction in Coldbath-fields, and that at Holloway, were erected for penal establishments in which those undergoing their sentence are confined. Newgate, however, still remained in an unsatisfactory state, and the reports of the Government Inspectors of Prisons, from 1836 to 1843, repeatedly urged the need of its alteration. There can be no doubt that the City Lands Committee of the London

Corporation have acted judiciously in proposing to demolish the building, which is ill-adapted for its purpose and is not now required, and to make a profitable use of its site. The old associations of Newgate are dismal and detestable; many Londoners can remember murderers hanged over the gateway in the open street, before the Act of Parliament in 1868 which provided that executions should be privately performed within the prison. Five or six persons at the same time were occasionally hanged there, in the "good old days" of the reign of George III. Our illustrations of Newgate include that of the "condemned cell," for the wretch awaiting his doom on the gallows, and that of the paved passage, where the bodies of men hanged were interred in quicklime under the pavement. The flogging block will also be noticed; its structure combines the pillory with the stocks, as the legs of the patient are secured in two holes of the closed lid of a wooden chest, while his hands are fastened in a frame to which his face is turned; and in this posture, when his bare back feels the nine-lashed scourge, or the birch rod if he is a boy, there is no chance but to endure it as best he may.

MUSIC.

As usual at this period, musical activity in London is intermitted during the prevalence of Christmas festivities; these exercising a predominant claim on public attention for a while. The latest important performance was that of "The Messiah" at the Albert Hall, announced for Dec. 26, under the direction of Mr. William Carter, with the co-operation of his well-trained choir, and eminent solo vocalists.

The musical aspect of 1889 will be promptly inaugurated, on Jan. 1, by a grand performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. This will



NEWGATE PRISON, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

be soon followed by the resumption of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, the twenty-third season of which will be resumed, at St. James's Hall, with an afternoon performance on Jan. 5. Among the other principal forthcoming events of the month will be the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on Jan. 7, and the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith on Jan. 12; the third of the Patti concerts at the Albert Hall on Jan. 8; the continuance of the season of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, with the fifth evening performance of the series on Jan. 15; the second of the vocal and pianoforte recitals of Herr Heinrich and M. Moor at Steinway Hall on Jan. 16; the production of M. Benoit's oratorio, "Lucifer," by the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall on the same date; the third of the Novello Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall on Jan. 23; and the usual Burns' birthday celebrations, on Jan. 25, by Scotch concerts at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall. Subsequent events must be referred to in the order of their occurrence.

The Sacred Harmonic Society—it is stated—is now extinct, the winding-up of the institution having been determined on.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Volume I. of Ricordi's cheap edition of dance music contains a series of pieces of this class by various composers, in the forms of the waltz, galop, mazurka, and polka, all bright and tuneful, and forming a liberal shilling's-worth that will be welcome in many drawing-room circles.

Metzler's "Red Album" is a collection of vocal and instrumental pieces issued (by the well-known firm of music publishers) in shilling parts, well engraved and printed, folio-size. The parts recently published contain, respectively, songs by popular composers, six pieces for violin and piano by various hands, and eight compositions for pianoforte solo. The pleasing character of the music generally, and its freedom

from excessive difficulty, should ensure the publications a wide acceptance among amateur vocalists and instrumentalists. Messrs. Metzler and Co. also publish a set of eight original compositions by Mr. H. M. Higgs, for violin and piano, each bearing a distinctive characteristic title, which is well realised in the music. The pieces are well written for the display of each instrument, both in alternate prominence and in combination, and are within the powers of moderately skilled amateurs.

The popularity of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music associated with Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "The Yeomen of the Guard" naturally leads to the adaptation of some of its principal themes for use in the ball-room. This has been skilfully done by Mr. P. Bucalossi, in the shape of quadrilles and waltzes that will be largely welcomed for their tuneful sprightliness. Messrs. Chappell are the publishers.

"Twelve Lyrics," by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, are settings of characteristic verses by Harold Boulton, each number bearing a distinctive title which is well realised. Two of the pieces, "Contentment" and "Sunset," are duets; others—"The Viking's Daughter," "The Heart's Fancies," "Voices of Spring," "Under thy Window," "A River Dream," "A Love Lullaby," "The Willow," "A Song of Sunshine," and "The Countryman's Love-Song"—being for a single voice. No. 4, "Time's Garden," is enhanced by a violoncello accompaniment in addition to that for the pianoforte. The music has that melodious flow and expressive grace which distinguish all Mr. Goring Thomas's productions, whether for the stage or the chamber. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers.

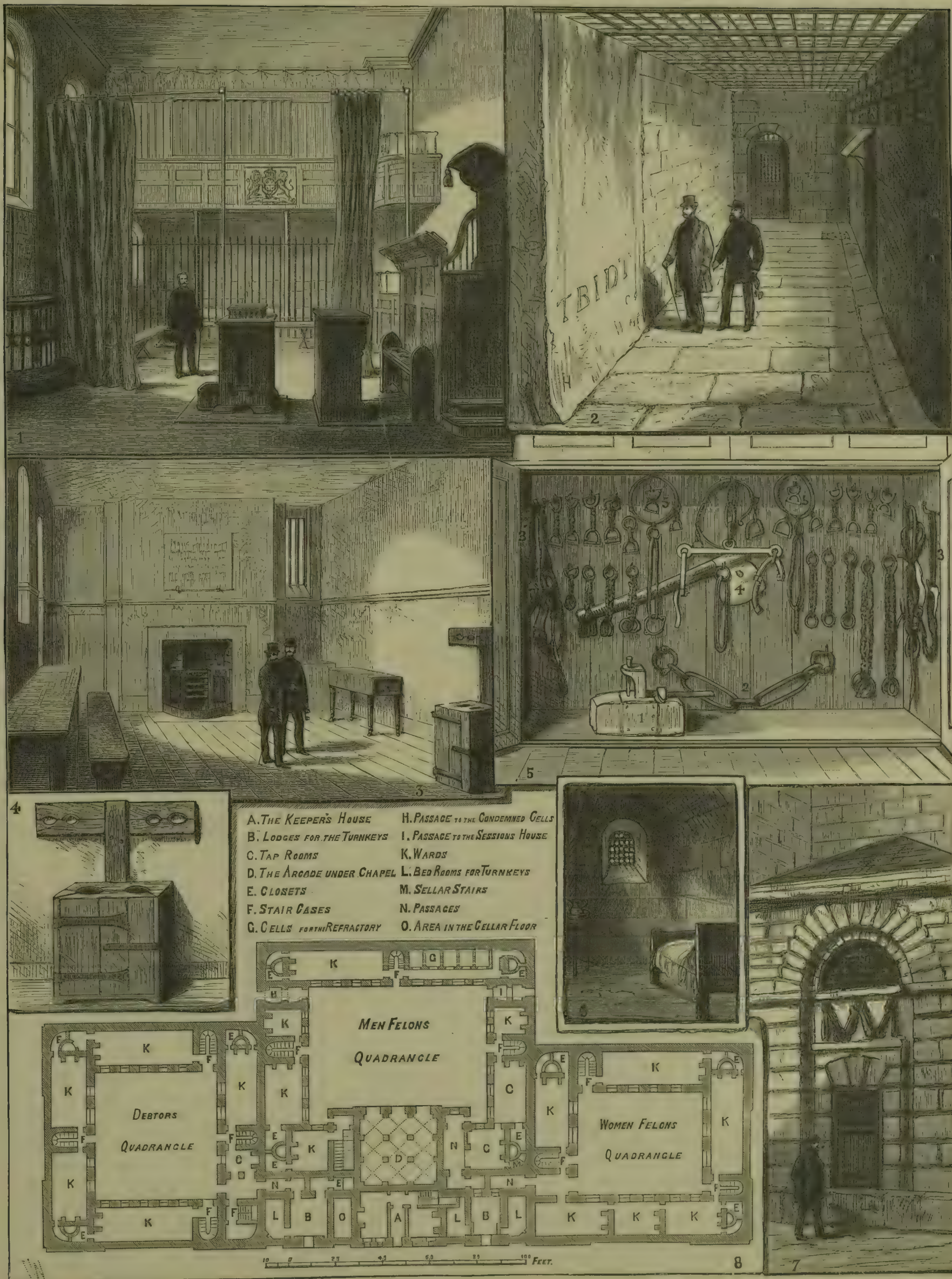
"Bonny Kilmeny" is the title of a cantata composed by Hamish MacCunn to words partly adapted from Hogg's "Queen's Wake." The young Scottish composer has recently gained great and deserved distinction by several works, choral and orchestral, in which a distinctive character is strongly apparent: giving promise of much important work to come from the same source. The cantata now referred to is composed for solo voices (soprano, tenor, and baritone),

chorus, and orchestra, and is divided into two parts, each comprising several pieces, choral and solo; in all of which there is much imaginative and interesting writing. The publication of the work with an arranged pianoforte accompaniment brings it within the scope of drawing-room performance, for which it is eminently suited, there being no formidable difficulties to be encountered. Messrs. Paterson and Sons (of Edinburgh) are the publishers, from whom also we have several songs by the same composer. "To Julia, Weeping," "I'll tend thy bower," "The Ash-Tree," "At the mid hour of night," and "I will think of thee, my love" are all far above the average of songs of the day. Without any straining after originality, there is a distinctive character in Mr. MacCunn's songs which should recommend them to a large circle of vocalists, especially as they offer little, if any, difficulty.

"Listening Angels," a song by Theresa Beney (Messrs. Morley and Co.), is a very expressive setting of serious words by Adelaide Proctor. The melody is simple without being commonplace, and the effect may be heightened by the use of an additional accompaniment for the harmonium or organ. If we mistake not, we have previously noticed a very graceful "Minuetto" for the pianoforte by the same lady composer—published by Weekes and Co.

"Songs of the Seasons," and "Song-Fancies" are the titles of cantatas for children; the first composed by Ethel Haraden, the other by Atherley Rush. Each is well adapted for its purpose—to interest very young people, both by the music (which is bright and tuneful) and the verses which it illustrates. Messrs. Forsyth Brothers are the publishers of both cantatas.

Viscount Cross on Dec. 19 presented the Queen's prizes and certificates to the successful students in the Metropolitan Drawing Classes connected with the Science and Art Department and City Guilds. He urged the importance of technical education, which he regarded as of vital interest to the nation.



FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT LORD CHANCELLOR.



the Prince of Orange had already landed.

We learned this news next day, and you may be sure that we were in the saddle again and riding to Exeter, there to join his standard.

This we did with the full consent of Madam and of Alice. Much as we had suffered already, they would not deter us, because this thing would have been approved by Sir Christopher and Dr. Eykin. Therefore we went. As all the world knows, this expedition was successful. Yet was not Barnaby made an Admiral, nor was I made a Court physician; we got, in fact, no reward at all, except that for Barnaby was procured a full pardon on account of the homicide of his late master.

My second campaign, as everybody knows, was bloodless. To begin with, we had an army, not of raw country lads armed indifferently and untrained, but of veteran troops, fifteen thousand strong, all well equipped, and with the best General in Europe at their head. At first, indeed, such was the dread in men's minds caused by Lord Jeffreys' cruelties, few came in; yet, this was presently made up by what followed, when, without any fighting at all, the King's regiments melted away, his priests fled, and his friends deserted him. This was a very different business from that other, when we followed one whom I now know to have been a mere tinsel pretender, no better fitted to be a King than a vagabond actor at a fair is fit to be a Lord. Alas! what blood was wasted in that mad attempt!—of which I was myself one of the most eager promoters. I was then young, and I believed all that I was told by the conspirators in Holland; I took their list of well-wishers for insurgents already armed and waiting only for a signal; I thought the roll of noble names set down for sturdy Protestants as that of men already pledged to the Cause; I believed that the whole nation would rise at the first opportunity to turn out the priests; I even believed in the legitimacy of the Duke, and that against the express statement of his father (if King Charles was in reality his father), and I believed what they told me of his princely virtues, his knowledge of the art of war, and his heroic valour. I say that I believed all these things and that I became a willing and zealous tool in their hands. As for what those who planned the expedition believed, I know not; nor will anyone now ever learn what promises were made to the Duke, what were broken, and why he was, from the outset, save for a few days at Taunton, so dejected and disappointed. As for me, I shall always believe that the unhappy man—unwise and soft-hearted—was betrayed by those whom he trusted.

It is now an old tale, though King Monmouth will not speedily be forgotten in the West Country, nor will the memory of the Bloody Assize. The brave lads who followed him are dead and buried; some in unhonoured graves hard by the place where they were hanged, some under the burning sun of the West Indies: the Duke himself hath long since paid the penalty of his rash attempt. All is over and ended, except the memory of it.

It is now common history, known to everybody, how the Prince of Orange lingered in the West Country, his army inactive, as if he knew (doubtless he was well informed upon this particular) that the longer he remained idle the more likely was the King's Cause to fall to pieces. There are some who think that if King James had risked an action he could not but have gained, whatsoever its event—I mean that, the blood of his soldiers once roused, they would have remained steadfast to him, and would have fought for him. But this he dared not to risk; wherefore the Prince did nothing, while the King's regiments fell to pieces and his friends deserted him. It was in December when the Prince came to Windsor, and I with him, once more Chyrurgeon in a rebel army. While there I rode to London—partly with the intention of judging for myself as to the temper of this people; partly because, after so long an absence, I wished once more to visit a place where there are books and pictures; and partly because there were certain notes and herbs which I desired to communicate to the College of Physicians in Warwick-lane. It happened to be the very day when the King's first flight—that, namely, when he was taken in the Isle of Sheppey—became known. The streets in the City of London I found crowded with people hurrying to and fro, running in bands and companies, shouting and crying, as if in the presence of some great and imminent danger. It was reported and currently believed that the disbanded Irish soldiers had begun to massacre the Protestants. There was no truth at all in the report; but yet the bells were ringing from all the towers, the crowds were exhorting each other to tear down and destroy the Romish chapels, to hunt for and to hang the priests, and especially Jesuits (I know not whether they found any), and to shout for the Prince of Orange. I stood aside to let the crowds (thus religiously disposed) run past, but there seemed no end to them. Presently, however (this was in front of the new Royal Exchange), there drew near another kind of crowd. There marched six or eight sturdy fellows bearing stout cudgels and haling along a prisoner. Round them there ran, shrieking, hooting, and cursing, a mob of a hundred men and more; they continually made attacks upon the guard, fighting them with sticks and fists; but they were always thrust back. I thought at first that they had caught some poor, wretched priest whom they desired to murder. But it proved to be a prize worth many priests. As they drew nearer, I discerned the prisoner. He was dressed in the garb of a common sailor, with short petticoats (which they call slops), and a jacket; his cap had been torn off, leaving the bare skull, which showed that he was no sailor, because common sailors do not wear wigs; blood was flowing down his cheek from a fresh wound; his eyes rolled hither and thither in an extremity of terror; I could not hear what he said, for the shouting of those around him, but his lips moved, and I think he was praying his guards to close in and protect him. Never, surely was seen a more terror-stricken creature.

I knew his face. Once seen (I had seen it once) it could

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never be forgotten. The red and bloated cheeks, which even his fear could not make pale; the eyes, more terrible than have been given to any other human creature: these I could not forget—in dreams I see them still. I saw that face at Exeter, when the cruel Judge exulted over our misery and rejoiced over the sentence which he pronounced. Yea, he laughed when he told us how we should swing, but not till we were dead, and then the knife—delivering his sentence so that no single point of its horror should be lost to us. Yes; it was the face of Judge Jeffreys—none other—this abject wretch was that great Judge. Why, when we went back to our prison there were some who cast themselves upon the ground and for terror of what was to come fell into mere dementia. And now I saw him thus humbled, thus disgraced, thus threatened, thus in the last extremity and agony of terror.

They had discovered him, thus disguised and in hiding, at a tavern in Wapping, and were dragging him to the presence of the Lord Mayor. It is a long distance from Wapping to Guildhall, and they went but slowly, because they were beset and surrounded by these wolves who howled to have his blood. And all the way he shrieked and trembled for fear!

Sure and certain is the vengeance of the Lord!

This Haman, this unjust Judge, was thus suffering, at the hands of the savage mob, pangs far worse than those endured by the poor rustics whom he had delivered to the executioner. I say worse, because I have not only read, but have myself proved, that the rich and the learned—those, that is, who live luxuriously and those who have power to imagine and to feel beforehand—do suffer far more in disease than the common ignorant folk. The scholar dies of terror before ever he feels the surgeon's knife, while the rustic bares his limb, insensible and callous, however deep the cut or keen the pain. I make no doubt, therefore, that the great Lord Chancellor, while they haled him all the way from Wapping to Guildhall, suffered as much as fifty ploughboys flogged at the cart-tail.

Many thousands there were who desired revenge upon him—I know not what revenge would satisfy the implacable; because revenge can do no more than kill the body; but his worst enemy should be satisfied with this, his dreadful fate. Even Barnaby, who was sad because he could get no revenge on his own account (he wanted a bloody battle, with the rout of the King's armies and the pursuit of a flying enemy, such as had happened at Sedgemoor) was satisfied with the justice which was done to that miserable man. It is wonderful that he was not killed amidst so many threatening cudgels; but his guards prevented that, not from any love they bare him; but quite the contrary (more unforgiving faces one never saw); for they intended to hand him over to the Lord Mayor, and that he should be tried for all his cruelties and treacheries, and, perhaps, experience himself that punishment of hanging and disembowelling, which he had inflicted on so many ignorant and misled men.

How he was committed to the Tower, where he shortly died in the greatest torture of body as well as mind, everybody knows.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFESSION.

Now am I come to the last event of this history, and I have to write down the confession of my own share in that event. For the others—for Alice and for Robin—the thing must be considered as the crown and completion of all the mercies. For me—what is it? But you shall hear. When the secrets of all hearts are laid open—then will Alice hear it also: what she will then say, or what think, I know not. It was done for her sake—for her happiness have I laid this guilt upon my soul. Nay, when the voice of conscience doth exhort me to repent, and to confess my sin, then there still ariseth within my soul, as it were the strain of a joyful hymn, a song of gratitude that I was enabled to return her to freedom and the arms of the man she loved. If any learned Doctor of Divinity, or any versed in that science which the Romanists love (they call it casuistry) should happen to read this chapter of confession, I pray that they consider my case, even though it will then be useless as far as I myself am concerned, seeing that I shall be gone before a Judge Who will, I hope (even though my earthly affections do not suffer me to separate my sin from the consequences which followed), be more merciful than I have deserved.

While, then, I stood watching this signal example of God's wrath, I was plucked gently by the sleeve, and, turning, saw one whose countenance I knew not. He was dressed as a lawyer, but his gown was ragged and his bands yellow; he looked sunk in poverty; and his face was inflamed with those signs which proclaim aloud the habit of immoderate drinking.

"Sir," he said, "if I mistake not, you are Dr. Humphrey Challis?"

"The same, Sir; at your service," I replied, with some misgivings. And yet, being one of the Prince's following, there needed none.

"I have seen you, Sir, in the chambers of your cousin, Mr. Benjamin Boscorell, my brother learned in the law. We drank together, though (I remember) you still passed the bottle. It is now four or five years ago. I wonder not that you have forgotten me. We change quickly, we who are the jolly companions of the bottle; we drink our noses red, and we paint our cheeks purple; nay, we drink ourselves out of our last guinea, and out of our very apparel. What then, Sir? A short life and a merry. Sir, yonder is a sorry sight. The first Law Officer of the Crown thus to be haled along the streets by a howling mob. Ought such a thing to be suffered? 'Tis a sad and sorry sight, I say!"

"Sir," I replied hotly, "ought such villains as Judge Jeffreys to be suffered to live?"

He considered a little, as one who is astonished and desires to collect his thoughts. Perhaps he had already taken more than a morning draught.

"I remember now," he said. "My memory is not so good as it was. We drink that away as well. Yes, I remember—I crave your forgiveness, Doctor. You were yourself engaged with Monmouth. Your cousin told me as much. Naturally, you love not this good Judge, who yet did nothing but what the King, his master, ordered him to do. I, Sir, have often had the honour of sitting over a bottle with his Lordship. When his infirmities allowed (though not yet old, he is grievously afflicted) he had no equal for a song or a jest, and would drink so long as any were left to keep him company. Ha! they have knocked him down—now they will kill him. No; he is again upon his feet; those who protect him close in. So—they have passed out of our sight. Doctor, shall we crack a flask together? I have no money, unhappily; but I will with pleasure drink at your expense."

I remembered the man's face now, but not his name. 'Twas one of Ben's boon companions. Well; if hard drinking brings men so speedily to rags and poverty, even though it be a merry life (which I doubt), give me moderation.

"Pray, Sir," I said coldly, "to have me excused. I am no drinker."

"Then, Doctor, you will perhaps lend me, until we meet again, a single guinea?"

I foolishly complied with this request.

"Doctor, I thank you," he said. "Will you now come and drink with me at my expense? Sir, I say plainly, you do not well to refuse a friendly glass. I could tell you many things, if you would but drink with me, concerning my Lord Jeffreys. There are things which would make you laugh. Come, Doctor; I love not to drink alone. Your cousin, now, was always ready to drink with any man, until he fell ill!"

"How? is my cousin ill?"

"Assuredly; he is sick unto death. Yesterday I went to visit him, thinking to drink a glass with him, and perhaps to borrow a guinea or two, but found him in bed and raving. If you will drink with me, Doctor, I can tell you many curious things about your cousin. And now I remember, you were sent to the Plantations; your cousin told me so. You have returned before your time. Well, the King hath run away; you are, doubtless, safe. Your cousin hath gotten his grandfather's estate. Lord Jeffreys, who loved him mightily, procured that grant for him. When your cousin wakes at night he swears that he sees his grandfather by his bedside looking at him reproachfully, so that he drinks the harder; 'tis a merry life. He hath also married a wife, and she ran away from him at the church door, and he now cannot hear of her or find her anywhere, so that he curses her and drinks the harder. Oh! 'tis always the jolliest dog. They say that he is not the lawyer that he was, and that his clients are leaving him. All mine have left me long since. Come and drink with me, Doctor."

I broke away from the poor toper who had drunk up his wits as well as his money, and hurried to my cousin's chambers, into which I had not thought to enter save as one who brings reproaches—a useless burden.

Benjamin was lying in bed: an old crone sat by the fire, nodding. Beside her was a bottle, and she was, I found, half drunk. Her I quickly sent about her business. No one else had been attending him. Yet he was laid low, as I presently discovered, with that kind of fever which is bred in the villainous air of our prisons—the same fever which had carried off his grandfather.

Perhaps, if there were no foul and stinking wards, jails, and clinks, this kind of fever would be banished altogether, and be no more seen. So, if we could discover the origin and cause of all diseases, we might once more restore man to his primitive condition, which I take to have been one free from any kind of disease or infirmity, designed at first by his Creator so to live for ever, and, after the Fall, enabled (when medicine hath so far advanced) to die of old age after such prolongation of life and strength as yet we cannot even understand.

"Cousin," I said, "I am sorry to find thee lying in this condition."

"Ay," he replied, in a voice weak and low, not like his old blustering tones. "Curse me and upbraid me, if thou wilt. How art thou come hither? Is it the ghost of Humphrey? Art thou dead like my grandfather? Are we on the Plantations of Barbados?"

"Indeed, I am no ghost, Benjamin. As for curses, I have none; and as for reproaches, I leave them to thy conscience."

"Humphrey, I am sore afflicted. I am now so low that I cannot even sit upright in my bed. But thou art a doctor—thou wilt bring me back to health. I am already better only for seeing thee here."

I declare that as yet I had no thought, no thought at all, of what I was to do. I was but a physician in presence of a sick man, and therefore bound to help him if I could.

I asked him first certain questions, as physicians use, concerning his disorder and its symptoms. I learned that after attending at the Court, he was attacked by fits of shivering and of great heat, being hot and cold alternately, and that in order to expel the fever he had sat drinking the whole evening—a most dangerous thing to do. Next, that in the morning, he had been unable to rise from his bed, and, being thirsty, had drunk more wine—a thing enough of itself to kill a man in such a fever. Then he lost his head, and could tell me no more what had happened until he saw me standing by his bedside. In short, he had been in delirium and was now in a lucid interval, out of which he would presently fall a-wandering again, and perhaps, raving, and so another lucid interval, after which he would die unless something could be done for him.

I liked not his appearance nor the account which he gave me, nor did I like his pulse or the strange look in his eyes—death doth often show his coming by such a prophetic terror of the eyes.

"Humphrey," he said pitifully. "It was no fault of mine that thou wast sent to the Plantations."

"That I know full well, Cousin," I answered him. "Be easy on that score."

"And as for Alice," he went on. "All is fair in love."

I made no reply, because at this point a great temptation assailed my soul.

You have heard how I learned many secrets of the women while I was abroad. Now, while we were in Providence Island I found a woman of the breed they call half caste—that is, half Indian and half Portuguese—living in what she called wedlock with an English sailor, who did impart to me a great secret of her own people. I obtained from her not only the knowledge of a most potent drug (known already to the Jesuits) but also a goodly quantity of the drug itself. This, with certain other discoveries and observations of my own, I was about to communicate to the College, in Warwick-lane.

As for this drug, I verily believe it is the most potent medicine ever yet discovered. It is now some years since it was first brought over to Europe by the Jesuits, and is therefore called *Pulvis Jesuiticus*, and sometimes Peruvian Bark. When administered at such a stage of the fever as had now been reached by my unhappy cousin it seldom fails to vivify the spirits and so to act upon the nerves as to restore the sinking, and to call back to life a man almost moribund.

Remembering this, I lugged the packet out of my pocket and laid it on the table.

"Be of good cheer, Cousin," I said; "I have a drug which is strong enough, with the help of God, to make a dying man sit up again. Courage, then!"

When I had said these words my temptation fell upon me. It came in the guise of a voice which whispered in my ear.

"Should this man die," it said, "there will be freedom for Alice. She can then marry the man she loves. She will be restored to happiness. While he lives, she must still continue in misery, being cut off from love. Let him die, therefore."

"Humphrey," said Ben; "in this matter of Alice: if she will come to me, I will make her happy. But I know not where she is hidden. Things go ill with me since that unlucky day. I would to God I had not done it! Nothing hath gone well since; and I drink daily to hide her face. Yet at night she haunts me—with her father, who threatens, and her mother, who weeps, and my grandfather, who reproaches. Humphrey—tell me—what is it, man? What mean thy looks?"

For while he spoke that other voice was in my ears also.

"Should he die, Alice will be happy again. Should he live, she will continue in misery." At these words (which were



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Then I knelt beside his bed, and prayed aloud for him. But incessantly he cried for help, wearing himself out with prayers and curses.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

but my own thoughts, yet involuntary), I felt so great a pity, such an overwhelming love for Alice, that my spirit was wholly carried away. To restore her freedom! Oh! what price was too great for such a gift? Nay—I was seized with the thought that to give her so great a thing, even my own destruction would be a light price to pay. Never, until that moment, had I known how fondly and truly I loved her. Why, if it were to be done over again—but this matters not. I have to make my confession.

"Humphrey, speak!" I suppose that my trouble showed itself in my face.

"Thou art married to Alice," I said slowly. "That cannot be denied. So long as thou livest, Benjamin, so long will she be robbed of everything that she desires, so long will she be unhappy. Now if thou shouldst die!"

"Die? I cannot die; I must live." He tried to raise himself, but he was too weak. "Cousin, save my life."

"If thou shouldst die, Benjamin," I went on, regardless of his words, "she will be set free. It is only by thy death that she can be set free. Say then to thyself: 'I have done this poor woman so great an injury that nothing but my death can atone for it. Willingly, therefore, will I lay down my life, hoping thus to atone for this abominable wickedness.'"

"Humphrey, do not mock me. Give me—give me—give me speedily of that drug. I die—I die!—Oh!—give me of thy drug."

Then I took the packet containing the *Pulvis Jesuiticus* and threw it upon the fire, where in a moment it was a little heap of ashes.

"Now, Benjamin," I said, "I cannot help thee. Thou must surely die."

He shrieked, he wept, he implored me to do something—something to keep him alive. He began to curse and to swear.

"No one can now save thee, Benjamin," I told him. "Not all the College of Physicians; not all the medicines in England. Thou must die. Listen and heed: in a short time, unless thy present weakness causeth thee to expire, there will fall upon thee another fit of fever and delirium, after which another interval of reason: perhaps another—but yet thou must surely die. Prepare thy soul, therefore. Is there any message for Alice that thou wouldst send to her, being now at the point of death?"

His only answer was to curse and weep alternately. Then I knelt beside his bed, and prayed aloud for him. But incessantly he cried for help, wearing himself out with prayers and curses.

"Benjamin," I said, when I had thus prayed a while, but ineffectually, "I shall take to Alice, instead of these curses, which avail nothing, a prayer for pardon, in order to touch her heart and cause her to think of thee with forgiveness, as of one who repented at the end. This I shall do for her sake. I shall also tell thy father that thy death was repentant, and shall take to him also a prayer for forgiveness as from thee. This will lighten his sorrow, and cause him to remember thee with the greater love. And to Robin, too, so that he may cease to call thee villain, I will carry, not these ravings, but a humble prayer (as from thyself) for forgiveness."

This is my confession; I, who might have saved my cousin, suffered him to die.

The sick man, when he found that prayers or curses would not avail, fell to moaning, rolling his head from side to side. When he was thus quiet I prayed again for him, exhorting him to lift up his soul to his Judge, and assuring him of our full forgiveness. But, indeed, I know not if he heard or understood. It was then about four of the clock, and growing dark. I lit a candle, and examined him again. I think that he was now unconscious. He seemed as if he slept. I sat down and watched.

I think that at midnight, or thereabouts, I must have fallen asleep.

When I awoke the candle was out, and the fire was out. The room was in perfect darkness. I laid my hand upon my cousin's forehead. He was cold and dead.

Then I heard the voice of the watchman in the street: "Past two o'clock, and a frosty morning!"

The voice I had heard before whispered again in my ear. "Alice is free—Alice is free! Thou—thou—thou alone hast set her free! Thou hast killed her husband!"

I threw myself upon my knees and spent the rest of that long night in seeking for repentance; but then, as now, the lamentation of a sinner is also mingled with the joy of thinking that Alice was free at last, and by none other hand than mine.

This is my confession: I might have saved my cousin, and I suffered him to die. Wherefore I have left the profession in which it was my ambition to distinguish myself, and am no longer anything but a poor and obscure person, living on the charity of my friends in a remote village.

Two days afterwards I was sitting at the table, looking through the dead man's papers, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

It was Barnaby, who broke noisily into the room. "Where is Benjamin?" he cried. "Where is that villain?"

"What do you want with him?"

"I want to kill him. I am come to kill him."

"Look upon the bed, Barnaby." I laid back the sheet and showed him the pale face of the dead man.

"The hand of the Lord—or that of another—hath already killed him. Art thou now content?"

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In the decline of years, when the sixtieth birthday is near at hand and one looks not to live much longer and the future hath no fresh joy to bring with it (but only infirmities of age and pain), it is profitable and pleasant to look back upon the past, to observe the guidance of the Unseen Hand, to repent one's sins, and to live over again those seasons, whether of sorrow or of joy, which we now perceive to have been Providentially ordered.

This have I done, both in reading the history of our lives as related by my Mistress, and in writing this latter part. To the former have I added nothing, nor have I subtracted anything therefrom, because I would not suffer the sweet and candid soul of her whom I have always loved to be tarnished by any words of mine, breaking in upon her own, as jarring notes in some lovely harmony. It is strictly laid upon me to deliver her words just as she hath written them down.

Now, after the death of Benjamin, I took it upon myself, being his cousin, in the absence of his father, to examine the papers which he had left. Among them I found abundance of songs, chiefly in praise of wine and women, with tavern bills. Also, there were notes of legal cases, very voluminous, and I found notes of payment made to various persons engaged in inquiring after his wife, in those towns of the West Country where her father's name would procure friends for her. But there was no will; Benjamin had died (never looking for so early an end) without making any will. Therefore, all his estate, including the manor of Bradford Orcas (indeed,

he had nothing else) now belonged to Alice, a widow who had never been a wife.

It is thirty years ago and more. King William III. is dead; Queen Anne is dead; King George (who cannot, they say, speak English, but is a stout Protestant) sits upon our throne; the Nonconformists are free, save that they cannot enter the universities, and are subject to other disabilities, which will, doubtless, be removed in the course of years. But English people, I think, love power beyond all earthly things; and so long as the Church is in a majority, the churchmen will exercise their power and will not part with it. To us of Bradford Orcas it matters little. We worship at the parish church. Every Sunday I contemplate, as I did fifty years ago, the monument of Philipa kneeling apart, and of her husband and his second wife kneeling together. There is a new tablet in the chancel put up to the memory of Sir Christopher, and another to that of Dr. Comfort Eykin. Their bodies lie somewhere among the mounds on the north side of Ilminster Church.

Forty years ago, as you have seen, there stood three boys in the garden of the Manor House discoursing on their future. One wished never to go anywhere, but to remain always a country gentleman, like his grandfather; one would be a great lawyer, a Judge, even the Lord Chancellor; the third would be a great Physician. Lo! the end of all! The first, but after divers miseries, perils, and wanderings, hath attained to his desire; the second lies buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, forgotten long since by his companions (who, indeed, are now with him in the pit), and remembered only among his own kin for the great wickedness which he wrought before the Lord. And as for the third and last, no illustrious physician is he; but one who lives obscure (but content) in a remote village (in the very cottage where his Mistress was born), with books and music, and the society of the sweetest woman who ever graced this earth for his solace. She was always gracious: she was gracious in her childhood; gracious as a maiden; more gracious still is she in these latter days when her hair is grey, and her daughters stand about her, tall and comely.

Now, had I administered that powder—that sovereign remedy, the *Pulvis Jesuiticus*—what would have been her lot?

"Humphrey," said Robin, "a penny for thy thoughts."

"Robin, I was thinking—it is not a new thing, but twenty years old and more—that cousin Benjamin never did anything in his life so useful as to die."

"Ay, poor Benjamin! That he had at the end the grace to ask our forgiveness and to repent hath in it something of a miracle. We have long forgiven him. But consider, Cousin. We were saved from the fight; we were saved from the sea; we were saved from slavery; we were enabled to strike the last blow for the Protestant religion—what were all these blessings worth if Benjamin still lived? To think, Humphrey, that Alice would never have been my wife and never a mother; and all these children should have remained unborn! I say that, though we may not desire the death of a sinner, we were not human if we rejoiced not at the death of our poor cousin."

Yes; that is the thought which will not suffer me to repent. A single pinch of the *Pulvis Jesuiticus*, and he might have been living unto this very day: then would Alice have lost the crowning blessing of a woman's life.

Yet—I was, it is true, a physician—whose duty it is to save life, always to save life, even the life of the wretched criminal who is afterwards to die upon the gallows.

Yet again, if he had been saved! As I write these lines I see my Mistress walking down the village street. She looks over my garden-gate; she lifts the latchet and enters, smiling gravely and tenderly. A sober happiness sits upon her brow. The terror of her first marriage has long been forgotten.

Why, as I watch her tranquil life, busy with her household and her children, full of the piety which asks not (as her father was wont to ask) how and where the mercy of Heaven is limited, and if, indeed, it will embrace all she loves; as I mark the tender love of husband and of children which lies around her like a garment and prevents all her doings, there comes back to me continually a bed-room in which a man lies dying. Again, in memory, again in intention, I throw upon the fire that handful of *Pulvis Jesuiticus* which should have driven away his fever and restored him to health again. A great and strong man he was, who might have lived till eighty years: where then would have been that love? where those children? where that tranquil heart and that contented mind? "I WILL NOT SAVE HIS LIFE," I say again in my mind: "I WILL NOT SAVE HIM; HE SHALL DIE."

"Humphrey," my Mistress says, "leave thy books a while and walk with me; the winter sun is warm upon the hills. Come, it is the day when Benjamin died—repentant—what better could we wish? What greater blessing could have been bestowed upon him and upon us than a true repentance and then to die? Oh! dear Brother, dear Humphrey, let us walk and talk of these blessings which have been showered upon my undeserving head."

THE END.

NEW TALE BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

The first instalment of a New Serial Story, of absorbing interest, entitled CLEOPATRA (being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harnachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand), written by H. RIDER HAGGARD expressly for this Paper, and Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, will commence in our next Number.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HOLLY-BERRIES.

That spray of holly in the smoking-room which remains over from the Christmas festivities, with its red berries gleaming from among their background and setting of dark green leaves, has been teaching me a curious story of plant-life as I lay lazily this morning enjoying the post-prandial Havana. Outside there are holly-bushes fringing the lawn-tennis ground, and a sprinkling of snow has set out the greenness of leaf and the redness of berry better far than the neutral tint of the smoking-room wall. The thought which arose in my mind had reference to the uses of colour in fruit, and to the possible advantages which accrue to the holly tribe and to all its kith and kin which possess coloured fruits conspicuously displayed. Time was when man's observation of things extended just so far as the things themselves. Quite true; my metaphysical friends, I know, will argue for hours about "the nature of things in themselves." This smoking-room has heard learned talk, prolonged into the small hours, about Aristotelian notions and the Berkeleyan philosophy of an outer world—which philosophers say we make out of ourselves largely or completely. But in the science of now-a-days we have acquired the habit of going beyond objects to seek out their meaning. The holly-berries are pretty and pleasing, no doubt. Linnaeus—cautious, observant old Swede—would have contented himself with a minute description of the holly-tree. Every character of leaf, stem, fruit, and flower would have been duly noted as a guide to classification. Nature, in those days, was regarded as a well-ordered museum. "Here's a holly, and there's an apple," was the tacit summation of botany in bygone days. They were species-makers and variety-mongers in those times, and were uncompromising advocates of exact description and enumeration of the characters of animals and plants. We have changed all that, thanks to the master-spirits which have taught us that nothing in nature stands solitary or alone. There has been a tremendous searching out of the "reason why" of everything since the days of Linnaeus. Books on botany, written, say, thirty years ago, are filled with dry details and detached facts. Now the dry bones of description are made to glow with vitality, and the facts are linked together like pearls on a string, to make up an interesting story of how things have come to be what they are. Holly-berries were probably as red and holly-leaves were as green in the past cycles as they are now—and that was all. To-day, one wants to know why the leaves are green, why the berries are red, and what uses and purposes both serve, not merely as a part of holly-life, but as parcel of plant-existence at large.

Between fruits and flowers, in the matter of colour, there is a close and intimate association. Every school-boy who is taught botany, knows that flowers are coloured to attract insects, while the insects in turn cross-fertilise the plants by carrying the pollen-dust from one flower to another flower of the same species. Colour in flowers, then, has a purpose all undreamt of by the older botanists. What of fruits? Colour here, in the logical sequence of events, must be credited with a purpose also. Let us see what that design may be. When you look at an apple or orange you are struck by the apparently big size of the edible part of the fruit, and by the relatively small size of the seeds. Compared with, say, the fruits of a buttercup, represented by the collection of little dry green bodies borne on the end of the flower-stalk, the apple, orange, peach, plum, and cherry are grandiose in the extreme. The apple substance does not nourish the seed. There is no question of nutrition involved in the matter at all. The seeds are all ready to produce the new plants, and lie concealed within the apple, and cherry or plum stone, waiting their season and opportunity. Why, then, all this big growth of eatable material? The answer is "For the birds and insects and for man's benefit as well." The blackbirds that peck at the peaches and apples are Nature's servitors. They come for their food to the gardener's preserves, and as they split up the dainty succulent fruit, they liberate the seeds, and thus secure the prospect of fresh generations of plants. Here, then, is a philosophy of fleshy fruits for your consideration, and in it is involved a philosophy of coloured fruits as well. The colour attracts, and the fruit-substance rewards, the birds; and the plant gains through the liberation of its seeds and through the chances thus acquired of an early and satisfactory development in the soil.

The holly-berries, like the rowans and barberry fruits, are thus coloured to attract birds. In the barberry you see how the fruits are clustered, so as to mass the colour and to make sure of the fruit catching the eye of the bird-visitor. The rowan-tree has less dense clusters of berries, and the holly is still more modest in respect of its fruit-development. But what holly loses in the size of its clusters, it gains in the brightness of its berries. Against the dark green of the leaves, the berries stand out with great prominence. Their after-history is instructive enough. A holly-berry is gobbled up by a bird with ease. What of the seeds the berries contain? Does digestion, which in a bird is a tolerably rough and mechanical process, destroy the seeds? Not so. The seeds, encased each in its dense tough covering, resist even the digestion of the bird's gizzard and stomach, and they are passed on uninjured through the alimentary tract of the animal. Thus liberated, and the bird being the gainer by its digestion of the soft parts of the berries, the holly-seeds fall into the soil and grow up each in time to the holly-tree. Note again, how this interaction between bird and fruit serves another useful purpose. Birds traverse leagues of country in their peregrinations. They may thus convey the holly-seeds to regions hundreds of miles from the parent tree whence the berries were plucked. You begin with the colour of a berry, and you end by securing the agency of the bird. We owe much to the dispersal of seeds by such agencies. There is a plant of the New World, the American currant, which long ago was introduced into France, for the sake of the dark red juice of its berries, which was used to colour wines. At Bordeaux this currant was extensively cultivated. Man introduced the plant, but mark the greater influence of the colour of its fruits and the work of the birds. Now the American currant is found universally throughout the South of France. It has spread also into Switzerland, and has reached the Tyrol. You can, therefore, prophesy with considerable safety regarding plants and their chances of distribution, when you see these fruits and learn the story of their distribution. Holly-berries have social associations dear to the hearts of us all. They possess, however, in their redness and in their attraction for bird-visitors, a romance that is all their own.

ANDREW WILSON.

At a general meeting of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, held on Dec. 19, Messrs. J. J. Shannon, J. Pickering, and T. B. Kennington were elected members.

Mrs. Pledge, the ex-Mayoress of Folkestone, has been presented by the inhabitants of the town with a handsome diamond bracelet, in recognition of her services amongst the poor.

NOVELS.

The Rogue. By W. E. Norris. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—There are novel-readers who seek the pleasures of fancy in vivid pictures of outward scenes and situations, the stranger the better; others who find imaginative excitement in the conflict of vehement passions, with alternate fierceness and tenderness; others, again, to whom the analysis of individual character, or the less difficult exhibition of social types, is a source of intellectual interest. "Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux." Mr. Rider Haggard, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. Norris, to name only living writers, treat the vast and various theme of human life in different ways, and make fiction serve different purposes, but each is more entertaining to a particular class of minds. In each of the lines above indicated, these authors have several worthy companions who could easily be named, besides literary predecessors whose works yet abide in popular favour. A just and friendly critic, who is always thankful for any good story or other book, will avoid comparisons of merit, and is disposed to accept the verdict of public success. Let every reader, with a taste deliberately recognised by his or her own consciousness, choose and keep to the kind of novels that proves most interesting to his or her disposition. It will then be found, allowing one week for the consumption of three volumes—we do not so well like to read a story by monthly instalments in the magazines—that a numerous staff of able novel-writers is required to maintain the supply. Only dismiss the feeble, the dull, the puerile, as well as the base and foul, the vulgar and ignorant pretenders to an intimate acquaintance with the world, those who describe scenes of luxury and fashion, aristocratic manners, sports, dinner-parties, drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, for the sake of introducing characters of extreme moral depravity invested with the garb of elegance and titles of rank—only set aside the bad and the weak novels, of which there are legions, and then it will appear that we get scarcely enough good ones to meet the public want. Now this one of Mr. Norris's, though some may think "The Rogue" an unpromising designation, is a very good specimen of that kind of novel, produced, also, by Mr. Henry James of an excellent quality, the value of which consists in the contemplation of four or five individual characters placed in such mutual relations as to bring out the distinguishing complexion of each of them, with no extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune, and with no violence of action. Here is the essence of serious comedy, as Molière and some instructive English writers for the stage used to practise it in a past generation, and as Thackeray, of all modern novelists, was most inclined to do; for Anthony Trollope dealt more largely in class types of society than in personal characters apart from the influences of their education or profession. Mr. Oswald Kennedy, who is not "the rogue," but the rogue's uncle, though some years his junior, since Oswald's father married a second time in his old age, when a daughter of the first marriage, Mrs. Heywood, had two children, Tom and Gertrude, is an amiable gentleman with excessive consideration for others. He is a genuine "altruist," to borrow the ethical slang of the day, far more anxious to help Tom Heywood, whom he does not quite like or trust, than to gratify any wish of his own; and this mainly because he feels uneasy at having been born to deprive Tom of the inheritance of a good landed estate. Tom Heywood, for his part, being "the rogue," and having lived a shifty, rather shady life in America, connected with adventurers and speculators of questionable honesty, rejoins the survivors of his kindred, after many years' absence, with an unscrupulous determination to get all he can out of them. His deceased grandfather has cut him off with a legacy of £1000, while leaving £18,000 to his young sister Gertrude, and Oswald Kennedy's estate is worth £7000 or £8000 a year. Naturally, Tom Heywood's idea, as his occupation is that of assisting promoters of speculative companies, often acting as secretary or London or Paris manager, is to borrow money of his relatives for such purposes, to which he is instigated by an American ally, one Mr. Fisher. The remarkable feature of Oswald's conduct is that while he earnestly desires to make some moderate pecuniary sacrifice for Tom's sake, being tolerably indifferent to the risk of losing a round sum of his own money, and while he does not care, though otherwise prudent and cautious in business, to control Tom's employment of a loan from himself, his indignation is quickly aroused by Tom's attack on the purse of Gertrude. There are such men, but they are not commonly met with, whose combative energy will be aroused only by an unselfish motive, and who allow themselves to be regarded as soft, apathetic, or indolent, from a constitutional habit of not pushing their own claims or insisting on their own deserts. The same tendency to self-abnegation is displayed in Oswald's love affairs; he is sincerely attached to Stella Mowbray, a young heiress of sprightly temper and keen intelligence; but he idly waits to see whether she may not prefer some other suitor. He had once, while living in France, been attracted by a young Mademoiselle who afterwards became a Madame De Révigny, and whose reputation as "a fast woman," amidst the social corruption of the Empire, then caused the scrupulous Englishman to avoid her acquaintance. This Frenchwoman comes to England and shows herself in Oswald's neighbourhood; while Tom Heywood, unmindful of the comic song, "Tommy, make room for your uncle," has a notion of securing Miss Mowbray's fortune and hand for himself. He, therefore, like "the rogue" he is, communicates to that young lady an injurious notion that Oswald has been engaged in an intrigue with the notorious French married coquette. At the same time, he is so base as virtually to sell his own sister Gertrude to Mr. Fisher, the middle-aged American speculator, for a pecuniary consideration; and though she, for her part, loves Algernon Pycroft, an honest gentleman returned from Australian explorations, she will do anything for her unworthy brother. These are perilous complications, from which Oswald Kennedy, being an amiable doubter and dawdler, would scarcely be able to rescue himself and those whom he loves; but he has a friend, a shrewd old Lady Hester, who sees through all Tom's villainy, and who contrives the means of defence and exposure. Tom has been in frightful scrapes during his American life. He has embezzled some money of a bank at St. Louis, which Fisher knows; and he has had a wife, whom he believes to be dead, but who suddenly reappears in London. These facts, being discovered, effectually put an end to "the rogue's" machinations; Gertrude is released; and Stella Mowbray, being disabused of her false impression concerning Oswald's previous behaviour, consents to help him in the duties of a country squire. "The rogue," in defiance of moral and poetical justice, gets rid of his American encumbrance, escapes the infamy that he deserves, and marries a sleepy fair widow, coming into a heap of money. We should be much better pleased if he were kicked out.

Through the Long Night. By E. Lynn Lynton. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—Mrs. Lynn Lynton is an authoress of wide accomplishments and long experience in literature. Her classical tale of "Amymone" was published forty years ago, when her early taste had been formed by a personal acquaintance with Landor. Traces of that predilection may even yet be perceived in frequent allusions to Hellenic fable which have become unusual with the novelists of the present day, though sometimes employed, rather less accurately, by Miss Braddon. But Mrs. Lynn Lynton's writings have been of a discursive and diversified character; ethical and historical essays, clever and somewhat bitter satirical exposures of the manners and morals of social life, and stories exhibiting violent conflicts of passion in most painful situations, have proceeded from her industrious pen. All her works prove sustained literary ability, and "Through the Long Night" is a story of considerable power. Yet being as it is a novel, one must estimate its value by the requirement essential to this kind of fiction—that it should represent the natural sentiments and behaviour of men and women as they are, under the influences of modern society, and of English habits and customs. With regard to women, who should be the most important persons in a novel dealing with affairs of the heart and domestic happiness or misery, the authoress is a keen, perhaps a sharp, observer of her own sex, and has also made them the subject of an extensive range of learned critical studies. She has written of "The Girl of the Period," of "Frisky Matrons," of Woman in Greece, Woman in Rome, Woman in Italy and other countries in the Middle Ages. In this novel we find two leading female characters—those of Lady Elizabeth Inchbold and Estelle Clanricarde, the sometime Mrs. Harford—which are eminently womanly, and which may be accepted as original and consistent individual types, if our idea of the intended conception of Estelle (namely, that she had from the beginning a tendency to insanity) be received as a true explanation of her conduct. It is not expressly stated; her sufferings are enough to drive many a fond girl mad, and their effect in producing the mental disorder is accurately described; but the latent tendency may be suspected almost in the first chapter. To have revealed it prematurely would, perhaps, have been too prejudicial to her claim on that respect for the independence of a rational personality, which raises sympathy above mere compassion. At the same time, her mental disease becomes, after the forced marriage and the cruel trick of deceiving her with a false report of her lover's death, sufficiently apparent to relieve her of all stain of guilt, when she escapes from a hated husband to fly with Charles Osborne,



TEMPLE BAR OUT OF TOWN, RE-ERECTED IN THE PARK OF SIR HENRY MEUX, BART.

on the impulse of the instant, unable to reflect on her duty as a wife and mother, insensible to all but his living presence and her pledged affection to him in the past. This view of Estelle's condition, while it excites our pity, entirely redeems her story, which is told in other particulars with absolute delicacy, from any palliation of a vicious course; and Charles Osborne, for his part, figures as a vain egotist unworthy of such a sacrifice, which, indeed, no worthy man could in any case accept. On grounds of morality, therefore, no objection can be taken to the sad story; it is with pure compassion, not at all with indignation, that a virtuously disposed reader will peruse the narrative of Estelle's unhappy life, and will recognise the genuine charity, the friendly, sisterly, Christian tenderness of Lady Elizabeth, in hastening, after Charlie's death, to soothe and save the distracted victim of emotional delusion. A more admirable feminine character than that of Lady Elizabeth, "a perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, to command," has seldom been delineated in fiction. Seeing the fine tact and discretion, as well as the high moral courage and fidelity, with which she confronts the injured husband, disarming his revenge, pleading for mercy, and softening his savage heart, it may be surmised why this brave young lady was called "Delight," by the Earl her father; not as a pet playful name, but with reference to Wordsworth's poem, "She was a phantom of delight," already quoted, in which consummate womanhood is credited with the most practical virtues: "the reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill." We cannot say that Mrs. Lynn Lynton has been equally successful in her portraiture of the characters of men; she evidently does not understand true manhood, and her idea of a gentleman is incorrectly superficial and conventional, like those of the majority of lady novelists. With an absurdly false estimate of mere external graces of figure and manner, she reiterates silly expressions of contempt, such as "omadhaun," and vastly exaggerated admissions of social humiliation, to the disparagement of her Caleb Stagg, the best man and the truest real gentleman—the only true one, among the leading personages—to be met with in this story. He is the son of a coarse and boorish miner who has grown rich; but he has had a good education, reads Shakspeare, Homer, and Æschylus, studies natural history and biology, and though he might, from habits of solitude in youth, be shy and awkward when introduced to fashionable society, he could not be a mere clown; nor would a man of his sound good sense, his refined feelings and his unassuming modesty, be an object of scorn and derision, especially if the heir to great wealth, only for his plain or ugly face. On the other hand, Mr. Anthony Harford, though born of the landed gentry, athletic and handsome, returning from years of American travel and adventure, from hunting bears and buffaloes, fighting Red Indians, and consorting with the cow-boys and gold-diggers of Colorado, is decidedly not a gentleman, as he shows by his behaviour in England. It is a

wonder how the authoress and Lady Elizabeth can possibly mistake him for one; a cool, hard, insolent braggart who entertains the ladies at a dinner-party with tales of murderous Western ruffianism told in hideous jocular slang—who keeps a revolver in his pocket, even in the drawing-room, and shows it to Lady Elizabeth, telling her that it is to kill his runaway wife—and who has perpetrated the hideous crime of sternly forcing a broken-hearted, half-imbecile girl to marry him against her will, being accessory, as he was, to the fraud that had been contrived by her mercenary mother. This Anthony Harford, truly, is no hero to be finally mated with such a heroine as Lady Elizabeth, after the suicide of poor Estelle. A good novel, it has been said, wants really interesting men in it, as well as interesting women. "Through the Long Night" is fatally spoilt by a distorted conception of the masculine characters; and therefore, we are sorry to say, it is not a good novel, on the whole; but some parts are very good. The earthquake on the Riviera, with the fright and confusion among the visitors at Mentone, is vividly described. The Rev. Mr. Medicott and his bride, with her affected hostility and cruel insults to the fallen Estelle, are characteristic specimens of impertinent assumption. There is some ingenuity, too, in the prolonged conspiracy of Mary Crosby and her mysterious mother to cheat a residuary legatee by personating a deceased old lady entitled to a life annuity. Mrs. Lynn Lynton is most effective in the satirical vein; but satire is never more than half the truth.

TEMPLE BAR OUT OF TOWN.

The Corporation of the City of London, when a few years since they removed the stately old architectural gateway, with its statues of the Stuart Kings, from its position at the western boundary of the City, unquestionably improved the convenience of carriage traffic between the Strand and Fleet-street. The stones of that interesting structure were carefully preserved, with indications of their proper places in the ancient building, which was designed, after the Great Fire of London, by Sir Christopher Wren. There are many places in London where this characteristic monument of civic and national history might easily have been re-erected. The Metropolitan Board of Works could have provided a site for it, one would think, at the bottom of some avenue to the Thames Embankment; or the First Commissioner of her Majesty's Works could have received it as an appropriate ornament for one of the entrances to St. James's Park. We regret to observe that Temple Bar has been finally rusticated and sent twelve miles out of London, having been handed over to a country gentleman for the adornment of his private park on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire. Theobalds, at Cheshunt, near Enfield Chase, is certainly a place of historical associations inferior to few in the neighbourhood of London. It belonged to Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, the ancestor of the present Lord Salisbury, and to his son, Sir Robert Cecil; it was often visited by that Queen and by her successor, James I.; and in 1607, being exchanged by the said Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, for Hatfield House, it became the rural palace of King James, who died there in 1625. Charles I. occasionally resided there; but the mansion was pulled down, by order of Parliament, during the Commonwealth; and the place afterwards belonged to General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, on the Restoration of Charles II. These local antecedents may perhaps be considered to warrant the transference of a memorial of the Stuarts to Theobalds Park. The Duke of Portland obtained a grant of Theobalds, but in the middle of the last century it was sold to the Prescott family, and its present owner is Sir Henry Meux, Bart. Our illustration of Temple Bar in the country, pleasantly surrounded with trees, is from a photograph taken by Messrs. Whittey and Co., Turner's Hill, Cheshunt. The trees had not lost their autumnal foliage when this photograph was taken. Some fine days next summer will perhaps tempt a few Londoners to run out that way and enjoy the pleasant country, when they may see their old City portal in its rural retreat. We hope the situation is not too dull for their Majesties in stone, King James and his Queen, King Charles I. and King Charles II., who for two hundred years stood on high watching the bustling crowds, and in modern times the cabs and omnibuses, passing from Westminster to the City, while the muniment-room of Child's Bank, above the central arch, was safe in their august guardianship. It is ten years since the removal of Temple Bar in the country, pleasantly surrounded with trees, in point of artistic taste, the heraldic Griffin, with the sculptures of Victorian Royalty on its pedestal, is a questionable substitute; but "the old order changes, giving place to new." It is not probable that any traitors' heads will ever again be stuck on the top of Temple Bar.

Doctors' Day at Merchant Taylors' School was celebrated on Dec. 20 by a banquet in Merchant Taylors' Hall—Mr. George Baker, the master, presiding. In proposing the toast of the evening he stated that every pupil old enough to proceed to the university had won either a scholarship or an exhibition.

Major-General Lyon Fremantle, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the Auxiliary Forces, speaking at the annual presentation of prizes of the 21st Middlesex Rifles, said that the efficiency returns of the Volunteer Force for the past year, which closed on Oct. 31, had just been completed at the War Office, the numbers being 221,000, a decrease of 13,000 from the previous year.

A vigorous attempt is now being made in the metropolis and throughout the country to raise £10,000 to clear off the existing debt on the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society and increase its permanent income. Towards this event Mr. Henry J. Atkinson, M.P., has personally raised £4000, and the remaining £6000 is expected to be realised by the Christmas Day Family Offering Fund. The treasurers of the society have just received a legacy of £8000 for mission work in China.

In the Chancery Division on Dec. 20 Mr. Justice North ruled that a photographer who had been employed by a customer to take his or her portrait was not justified in striking off copies for his own use, or in selling and disposing of them, or in publicly exhibiting them without the authority of the customer, expressed or implied. He accordingly granted an injunction restraining a photographer at Rochester from making use of a lady customer's portrait.

Mr. Parnell's action against the *Times* for libel came before the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on Dec. 20, when Mr. George E. Wright, publisher, and Mr. John Walter, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, gave evidence. The latter stated that his interest in the paper consisted of one sixteenth and a half of a sixteenth. Mr. Soames, the *Times*' solicitor, undertook to furnish a full list of the proprietors, of whom there are hundreds. The hearing was adjourned until after Christmas.



WELCOME THE NEW YEAR!

JACOMB-HOOD.



GRANDMAMMA'S PORTRAIT.

DRAWN BY E. S. KENNEDY.

THE GUEST ON THE THRESHOLD.

Everybody understands the feelings of expectation, suspense, doubt, and anxiety with which we await the coming of a guest whom we have never seen. A stranger, he may be, to us and ours—recommended, perhaps, by some half-forgotten friend—a man of whose tastes or character we have not the slightest knowledge. We have assembled, let us suppose, a little company to emphasise the welcome we wish to offer him. The curtains have been drawn; the fire blazes merrily in the grate; the lights fill the room with a softened glow; and there we sit, with our companions—sometimes engaging in desultory talk, sometimes dropping into silence, as is always the way with people who hope or dread a novel experience—listening for the footfall on the stairs, and the opened door, which shall announce the arrival of the new-comer. We speculate among ourselves what manner of individual he will prove—dark or fair? plain or comely? urbane or morose? We wonder whether he will be a desirable addition to our “list of friends”; whether he will belong to the class of manly men whose high purpose it is to accomplish some good work for Christ and humanity; or whether he will turn out to be one of the great army of social triflers, one of the world’s idlers and do-nothings, or under a plausible exterior carry a false heart and an evil temper. It is no trivial matter, mark you, the introduction into one’s house of a stranger-guest. Of course, it is the merest platitude to say that the electric chain with which we are subtly bound links us so closely to each other that no incident can occur to the individual without affecting the many; and that the contact, even if temporary, with a fresh mind must exercise an influence upon us for good or bad. We cannot set aside this man or that as of no account. The tragedy of “Hamlet” could not go on to its dreadful issue without a Rosencrantz and a Guildenstern. In the fairy tale it is the dwarf with the enchanted sword who delivers the captive Princess. This makes it all the more wonderful that we should be so ready to foregather with “the man in the street,” to press the happy shelter of our “mahogany tree” upon the chance acquaintance of a day, of whose actual self we are as profoundly ignorant as we are of our own soul. I am sometimes amazed at the readiness with which “intimacies” are entered upon. In the elder comedy, if a Don Francisco come across a Don Pedro on a terrace in Seville, the two immediately swear eternal “friendship”; it is always done! But it is hardly prudent—is it?—to transfer so romantic a piece of stage-business to our everyday life. How do we know—or do we know?—what kind of dramatic persona we are thrusting upon the scene? The new actor may be a marplot, an ill-doer, a mischief-maker, and so entangle the threads of our destiny, and so poison the sweet fountains of existence, that we may live to rue the day—I have known such things to be—when we hastened, with smiling face and outstretched hand, to greet the Guest on the Threshold.

I grant you that it may be otherwise; that the stranger may eventually win our esteem and confidence because he deserves them; that he may unfold into that rarest of human blessings—a true friend, because a wise and an honest one; that we may discover in him all that Cicero discovered in Atticus, or Milton in Diodati, or Brooke in Sidney, or Cowper in John Newton; so that the day on which we first clasped hands with the unknown guest may merit to be marked in our life-calendar with the whitest chalk as a *dies notanda*. All I would hint to the young is, that we cannot pick up “desirable acquaintances” as a pigeon picks up peas! As a rule, the man of whom we know nothing should never be in the position of a Guest on the Threshold.

While the last sands of December are rapidly running through the inverted glass, let us indulge ourselves with the fancy of contemplating the New Year as, in like manner, a Guest on the Threshold, as yet unseen and unknown. There is this difference: no human guest crosses our threshold uninvited; but this latest-born of Time, like Banquo’s ghost, waits for no welcome, and will not be denied. How many of us, I wonder, in the solemn hush of the passing hours, are reflecting what manner of companion this self-constituted visitor may prove? We know what his predecessors have been and what they have done; how much or how little of help and comfort, of suffering and sorrow, they have conferred upon us; their tricks and turns, their changes of countenance, their surprises, their misadventures—with all these we are only too familiar. But, unfortunately, this knowledge will avail us nothing with the stranger. In some respects, it is true, we may assume that he will wear the same favour. We may be certain that he will pour some bitter into our cup, and will mock our ears with promises unfulfilled; that while he is with us the thorns will often crackle under our pots, and our pitchers go down to wells that are waterless. This is the way with all the Years! We may be sure beforehand that he will bring us little which we wish for, and despoil us of much which we prize. But whether he will hereafter grow upon us as friend or foe, adviser or accuser, *eudæmon* or *kakodæmon* who can foresee, or, if wise, will venture to predict? Though he may come with a smiling face, he may turn upon us by-and-by a melancholy one; or the sad eyes which are now directed towards the past may beam with joy as they look into the future.

The false Florimel, in Spenser’s “Faerie Queene,” who at first enchants Sir Blandamour “with golden words and goodly countenance,” stands afterwards revealed as an image of wax, moulded by a wicked witch’s spell. Who knows what similar deception this new guest of ours may not pass off upon us? Or what deception we may not impose upon ourselves, clothing the stranger in the rainbow hues of fancy—converting “cloth of frieze” into “cloth of gold”? When Don Quixote falls in with an undistinguished shepherd, he straightway hails him as King of the Garamantuans. With equal simplicity some of us choose to believe that the year, because it is a new-comer, must be a Dives—a Midas—with hands full of gold and silver—though, alas! there may be nothing in them but thorns and thistles. At all events, he comes to us without a remorse or a regret—as free from offence as a new-born babe; but who dares say that he will leave us so? There are such dreadful possibilities in this unknown guest! It may be that during his twelvemonths’ sojourn with us he will develop an infinite capacity for the commission of follies or even of sins, for the infliction of sufferings which shall almost crush the life out of the young heart. I am reminded of that terrible Eastern tale of the Afreet who gained admission into the King’s palace in the person of a handsome young prince, and then changed suddenly into a hag, with dreadful claws, which did to death the unsuspecting victim. Sometimes the year in its course undergoes a transformation nearly as hideous! It stands upon the threshold now—a spirit of

light, with hope and promise on its wings; before long it may take upon itself the gloomy figure of Azrael. It opens with the sound of bridal bells; perhaps it will pass away amid echoes of funeral music. The blithesome lark’s song of glad expectancy with which it thrills our hearts may change all too soon into a palinode, a threnody, or a dirge. There may be no chairs empty around the domestic hearth when the New Year crosses the threshold; and yet, before its “trailing skirt” vanishes into the darkness, our sorrowing eyes may have learned to gaze wistfully at the “vacant place”—the place that shall never again be filled. Heaven grant that the coming year may not deal thus with you, my friends! May the Guest on the Threshold carry in his hand no wreath of cypress, nor lead in his train the mourning-women!

Yet, after all, this uninvited (though not unexpected) guest may turn out very much what, if we are not over-sanguine, we wish him to be. At the worst, here he is—“the man in possession”; and it will only be wise to make the best we can of him! Remember, we shall weaken his capacity for evil-doing by meeting him with the courage of cheerfulness; we shall ward off the stings of his reproaches by giving no occasion for them. We shall even do much to lighten the burden he will impose upon us by straightening our backs to bear it. Let him rob us of what he will, he must leave us our faith in Heaven: of that none but ourselves can deprive ourselves. He must leave us the wisdom of the ages, with which to sustain our patience; and the bloom and brightness of Nature, on which to feed our imagination. He cannot take away from us “Plato’s brain, Or Lord Christ’s heart, and Shakspeare’s strain.” He cannot take away from us “the seven stars and the solar year,” the glory in the grass and the splendour of the flower, the solace of human affection and the support of the Divine love. So that, if you look into the matter fairly, you will see that we have no just cause (except so far as it lies in our own thoughts and actions) for regarding with suspicion or alarm the Guest on the Threshold. Terrible as may be his power to wound us with unforeseen blows, he cannot beat us into the dust, if we be but true to our manhood and constant to our belief in the living God. There are more blessings around us than the greediest soul can exhaust—more



OPEN INCLINE RAILWAY OVER THE KOJAK PASS, AFGHAN FRONTIER OF INDIA, TOWARDS KANDAHAR.

joys than griefs, more hopes than fears, more stars than clouds. Even the vacant chair that moves us to an agony of tears is filled—if we would but see it!—with the wings and white garments of an angel. I hold it true that all the evil and pain in the world are to its good and happiness only as a grain of mustard-seed to a mountain. Go thou, my friend, to hail the stranger with a hopeful and a steadfast heart. The clock strikes twelve—let the Old Year out and the New Year in. “Farewell!” to the shrunken form and bowed head of the departing friend; and “Welcome! Welcome!” to the young and buoyant Guest on the Threshold. W. H. D.-A.

RAILWAY ON AFGHAN FRONTIER OF INDIA.

The Indian Government railway, projected originally by Sir Richard Temple, which traverses the mountainous region of Beloochistan, north of the Bolan Pass and Quetta, from the western border of Sindh to the new military station of Pishin, and thence still westward to the Khoja Amram range, overlooking the plain of Kandahar, has repeatedly been mentioned as a work of the greatest political importance. It is now rapidly approaching completion. An extensive tour along the Indian north-western frontier has been undertaken by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, and his Staff. Sir Charles Dilke accompanies the party. Our illustration represents the wonderful rope incline railway over the Kojak Pass, which Sir Charles and the party ascended on Nov. 12. Here, this line reaches a height of 7250 ft. above sea-level, and has a gradient of no less than 1 in 2½, which is, with one exception, the steepest of any in the world. It was designed and carried out by Mr. W. J. Weightman, A.M.I.C.E., under the orders of the Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. F. L. O’Callaghan, C.S.I., C.I.E. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. R. J. Woods.

A Royal Proclamation commands the Peers of Scotland to assemble at Holyrood House on Thursday, Jan. 10 next, to choose a representative Peer in the room of the late Earl of Mar and Kellie.

The War Office authorities have purchased several acres of ground, situated between Epping and Ongar, as a site for new military barracks. The spot selected is on high land, and only a short distance from the Ongar branch of the Great Eastern Railway. There will be accommodation for 5000 men.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The political week has been marked by a grand speech made in the Senate by the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Challemlacour, who, himself a Republican, bitterly criticised the successive Governments which have directed the destinies of France during the past seventeen years, insisting principally upon the dangers which the Radical policy had brought upon France to the point even of endangering her future. The substance of M. Challemlacour’s advice to his colleagues and to his compatriots was a policy of concentration, an alliance of patriots of all parties against those who would ruin France by their adventures and their irritating narrowness and persecutions. Unfortunately we are too near the elections for any such alliance to be concluded. M. Floquet, of course, had to defend his Radical Cabinet and policy against the attacks of M. Challemlacour, and, in reply to direct questions from M. Léon Say and others, he announced that the Government meant to work for the common defence, and that if by chance the existing laws were not sufficient to enable them to resist and conquer Boulangerism, they would not hesitate to ask for new ones. For that matter by re-establishing the *scrutin d’arrondissement* instead of the *scrutin de liste*, the Government was giving the nation arms to defend itself against plebiscitary adventurers. The great question of the moment has become the method of voting—the election of deputies by districts, or the election of a certain number for each Department by *scrutin de liste*. On this point depends the salvation of the Republic, and when once the Republic is saved, as it doubtless will be, the organisation of the French democracy, according to the principles of 1789, will still remain to be accomplished. During a century twenty essays of constitutions have been made in France, but the practical realisation of the principles of 1789 has hardly been begun.

The threatened Panama Canal catastrophe has been picturesquely called the “*Krach des bas de laine*,” meaning that the people affected by it are mostly those small country capitalists who save up their money in an old woollen stocking. As M. De Lesseps said to the late Emperor William of Germany: “*Je fais le Canal de Panama avec les bas de laine*.” This fact accounts for the little excitement which the dangerous condition of the company has caused. All those interested have only a small stake; they are simple people whose voices are not heard; the great bankers and speculators are not in the affair; the example of Suez encourages the sufferers, and so great is the influence of M. De Lesseps, and so enthusiastic is the French temperament when appealed to by ideas and phrases à la Tacitus, that it seems very probable that the woollen stockings will come to their own rescue and subscribe the money still wanted. A strong movement is setting in, and meetings are being held by the dozen. In January a meeting will be held in the Hippodrome, the only place in Paris big enough to accommodate the thousands who are interested. The precarious condition of the Panama Company will, however, certainly affect the New Year’s gift or *étrennes* season. And to make matters worse, behold an agent de change, M. Bex, has just absconded, leaving a deficit of eight millions of francs and a feeling of distrust in the hitherto immaculate corporation of stock-brokers.

Apropos of the New Army Bill at present before Parliament, and hindered in its passage by the Radicals, who insist upon obliging seminarists and priests to perform military service like the common run of mankind, a clear-headed and sceptical journalist, M. Magnard, of the *Figaro*, makes the following admission: “The Army is a school of obedience and discipline; it is also, like every masculine collectivity, a school of coarseness of language and habits.”

How very wonderful is the presumption of a literary clique, and how simple-minded are some would-be revolutionaries! Zealous reporters, who had interviewed M. De Goncourt, announced that the first night of his new piece, “*Germinie Lacerteux*,” would be a hot battle, in which the old formulae of dramatic art would be broken and trampled upon, and out of the ruins would rise a bold and powerful conception in the Shakspearean form, open to the investigations of modern thought and psychology. “*Germinie-Lacerteux*” has been represented at the Odéon, and the ten tableaux of which the piece is composed have been hissed and hooted as heartily as ever piece was hissed and hooted. The failure of the play is complete. Then why say anything more about it? Simply because the personality of M. Edmond De Goncourt is a very considerable one in literary Paris. Since the death of Flaubert, M. De Goncourt has been looked upon as the chief of the realist school, of which MM. Zola and Alphonse Daudet are only the continuers. In quantities of prefaces and manifestoes M. De Goncourt has attacked the contemporary stage, and announced his desire and intention of renovating it by means of a piece which should be the integral manifestation of a new art. Hence “*Germinie Lacerteux*,” produced at one of the State theatres, L’Odéon, and hissed! Why? Because the art of it is not new, but simply inadequate; because it is tiresome and incomprehensible; and because the characters are nearly all ignoble creatures, fished out of the lowest moral, or immoral, strata of society. “*Germinie Lacerteux*” is simply a dull and disgusting spectacle. The wonder is how men and, much more, ladies can listen to the dreadful language of this piece. But modern France has become singularly callous on matters of decency of language and thought; and, perhaps, this change for the worse is due not a little to the universal experience of obligatory military service, the army being, as we have seen, “a school of coarseness of language.”

The manager of the Gaité Theatre has sued the *Gil Blas* newspaper for 50,000f. damages for a theatrical echo of a very harmless nature concerning the unsuccessful piece, “*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.” The case is likely to be amusing; and, naturally, the whole press is against the rash manager.—A grand international Literary Congress will be held in Paris in 1889, under the united auspices of the Association Littéraire Internationale and the Société des Gens de Lettres. The latter is a serious association; but the former has hitherto served chiefly as a pretext for banqueting and for excursions, at reduced tariffs, to the different capitals of Europe.—Irritated by the puffery which General Boulanger organises around his person, President Carnot has been having articles written about himself in the papers in which he announces with comic gravity that he is going to ask the Chamber to vote him a large sum of money to build a fine ball-room at the Elysée. President Carnot wishes to be gay.—The workmen who are building the gigantic Eiffel tower have again struck, demanding an increase of 5f. a day. The present pay maximum is 1f. an hour to the carpenters, 90c. to the fitters, and 70c. to the boys. M. Eiffel refuses all concessions. T. C.

AUSTRALIAN PROGRESS: MELBOURNE.

The early annals of the Australian Colonies obtained notice in our pages three months ago; and, during the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1887, descriptive articles on New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, appeared in this Journal. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, having travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway over the American Continent, and having made the Pacific Ocean voyage from San Francisco to Sydney, reached Melbourne shortly before the opening there, in August, 1888, of the Great Exhibition associated with the Centenary Commemoration Festival of the foundation of New South Wales, the oldest Australian colony. His illustrations of the opening of the Exhibition at Melbourne by Sir H. B. Loch, the Governor of Victoria, accompanied by the Governors of all the other British Colonies in Australasia, were published as soon as we received them; but we shall now present a series of Sketches of the two greatest Australian capital cities, Melbourne and Sydney, and of places in their neighbourhood, which will have a more than temporary interest. These subjects demand fresh comment and description, the statistics of which must be of the most recent date that can be procured in a collective form; and we have therefore consulted the "Australian Hand-Book" for 1888, concerning various local particulars, which may here be concisely put together for the information of readers in England (The "Australian Hand-book" is a yearly volume of 548 closely-printed pages, which is published by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, of London, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane).

VICTORIA.

The colony of Victoria, which was politically separated from New South Wales in July, 1851, is situated at the south-east of the continent of Australia, and lies between the parallels of 34 deg. and 39 deg. south latitude, and the meridians of 141 deg. and 150 deg. east longitude. Its boundaries are—on the north and north-east, the colony of New South Wales, from which it is separated by the River Murray and an imaginary line running in a south-easterly direction from The Springs on Forest Hill to Cape Howe; on the west by South Australia—the 141st meridian of east longitude dividing the two colonies; south and south-east, the Southern Ocean, Bass's Strait, and the Pacific Ocean. Its extreme length from east to west is 480 miles, its breadth 240 miles, and its area 87,884 square miles, or 56,245,760 acres. The coast-line, broken by several bays and capes, is about 600 geographical miles. It is estimated to be about one thirty-fourth part of the entire continent, and, comparing it with Great Britain (excluding the islands in the British seas), it is about 1800 square miles less in area.

A range of mountains traverses the entire length of the colony, dividing it into two unequal parts. This range runs in an eastern and western direction, generally at a distance of sixty or seventy miles from the seacoast. It is part of the Australian Cordillera, and is called the Dividing Range; all the Victorian rivers have their sources in this range or in its spurs, those to the north running towards the Murray, and those to the south flowing into the sea. Its eastern part, which divides the Gipps Land district from the Murray, is known as the Australian Alps. The Murray, the Goulburn, the Yarra-Yarra, and one or two of the Gipps Land streams, are navigable rivers; the Murray is a large river, with a course of 1300 miles, flowing generally westward, 980 miles of its course being along the northern border of Victoria. The principal harbours are in Port Phillip Bay, forty miles long, and about the same width at the widest part, area about 800 square miles, the head waters of which are called Hobson's Bay, and form the port of Melbourne; the south-western waters of Port Phillip Bay form Corio Bay, on the shores of which Geelong is located; other harbours are Portland Bay, Port Fairy, Western Port, and Port Albert.

The soil and climate of Victoria are most favourable to agriculture, growing wheat, barley, and oats, potatoes, rye, peas, beans, maize, sorghum, mangold-wurtzel and roots, clover, and various fodder grasses. Of tobacco, too, a large breadth has been devoted to cultivation. Among other things which have been successfully tried are hemp, flax, hops, chicory, beet, guar grass; and, in some localities, olives, oranges, guavas, black mulberries, and other fruits. The cereals do remarkably well. The greatest weight recorded of a bushel of wheat is 63 lb. 4 oz., the average is about 61 lb.; the average weight of oats is 40 lb., of barley 51 lb., and of maize 55 lb. As many as fifty and sixty bushels of wheat, sixty bushels of oats, and forty-two bushels of barley per acre have been obtained; but these returns are unusual. The wines made in the colony have taken a high place in the estimation of European connoisseurs. The apple, pear, peach, and nectarine, apricot, almond, gooseberry, currant, and fig, and the cabbage, cauliflower, turnip, carrot, parsnip, asparagus, pea, bean, water-melon, rock-melon, and tomato may be seen all growing together luxuriantly in the same plot of ground, while the borders blossom with the fuchsia, geranium, violet, daisy, and other common flowers of the English garden.

The mineral wealth of Victoria is great and diversified, but the wonderfully rapid progress of this colony is mainly due to its gold. One-third of the entire area of the country is believed to be occupied by gold-bearing rocks. The gold occurs in quartz and alluvium; the latter was, of course, the first worked, surface mining being comparatively easy. This was, however, quickly exhausted, and some of the sinkings are now carried on at considerable depths. Quartz reefing is now extensively followed, employing much machinery and a large amount of capital; and owing to the improvements in obtaining gold from the quartz, a yield of a few dwts. to the ton is found remunerative. The seven mining districts into which the colony is divided are Ballarat, Beechworth, Sandhurst, Maryborough, Castlemaine, Ararat, and Gipps Land. In the districts of Ballarat, Castlemaine, Maryborough, and Sandhurst there was an increase in the average yield per ton as compared with the previous year. Some of the quartz mines are now worked to a depth exceeding 2409 ft., and, so far as can be observed, there is little diminution in the yield of gold. For the past, to the end of 1886, the quantities and values of the principal metals and minerals raised since the discovery of the gold-fields were—gold, 54,424,399 oz., value £217,697,596; silver raised and exported, 255,578 oz., valued at £55,865; tin ore raised, smelted, and exported, in all, £342,459; copper ore, copper, and regulus exported, value £119,530; antimony ore raised and exported, value £202,768; lead, 660 tons of ore raised, producing metal of the value of £5326; iron, 5429 tons, value £12,535; coal, 13,153 tons, valued at £17,506; lignite, 8619 tons; kaolin, slates, flagging, magnesite, gypsum, mineral earths, and clays.

Although Victoria has not such extensive natural pastures as New South Wales and Queensland, stock-raising, the breeding of sheep, and the production of fine wool, are carried on, by different methods, with superior skill and care. The stock returns to March 1, 1887, were—308,553 horses; 1,303,265 cattle, of which number 335,727 were milch-cows; 10,700,403 sheep; 240,957 pigs.

All the railways in the colony are the property of the State. In the year ending June 30, 1887, there were 1880

miles of line open, and 521½ miles in course of construction. The total cost of the lines was £26,171,609, being an average of £13,921 per mile for the 1880 miles open. The net revenue paid on the capital cost was 3·92 per cent. Melbourne has railway communication with all the up-country towns, and with Adelaide and Sydney.

Very many things are now manufactured in the colony, aided by the heavy Protective tariff. The number of manufactories, large and small, of all kinds, is 5783, employing 16,663-horse power and 51,469 hands, the value of premises and plant being £8,939,641. Among the exports during 1886 were—gold, inclusive of specie, £1,947,703; leather, £269,399; tallow, £121,900; wool, 107,984,839 lb., valued at £4,999,662; grain, £180,547; apparel and slops, £218,012; live stock, £394,475. The total value of the products of the colony, comprising gold, wool, tallow, hides, breadstuffs, minerals, bark, and timber, manufactures, &c., exported in 1886 was £11,795,321. The value per head of the population was £11 19s. The total of yearly exports varies between twelve and sixteen millions sterling.

The Government revenue is about six millions and a half, the public debt of the Colony is about thirty millions, of which above twenty-five millions are represented by the railways. Victoria is under the control of a Governor appointed by the British Government, whose term of office is seven years, and of an Executive Council, and two Houses of Legislature. The Executive consists of the Governor of the Colony, and the Ministry for the time being. The Legislative Council is elected on a property franchise. The Legislative Assembly consists of eighty-six members, representing fifty-five electoral districts, containing, according to the latest return, 224,378 electors. It is triennial in its duration. Members are paid £300 per annum for their expenses. The qualifications of a voter are so easy that the system may be considered one of universal suffrage.

Victoria is divided into thirty-seven counties, and there are for the purposes of local self-government fifty-nine cities, towns, or boroughs, and 125 shires with municipal bodies. In 1886 the value of the rateable property in the cities, towns, and boroughs was £53,905,592; annual value, £4,824,911; revenue, £615,612. In the shires the value of rateable property was £71,973,156; annual value, £4,796,224; revenue, £615,125. From 1875 to 1885 upwards of 3½ millions sterling had been paid out of the State funds to the various local bodies. The estimated population of Melbourne and suburbs at the latest date was 395,000, inclusive of South Melbourne City, 37,000; Prahran City, 32,606; Richmond City, 31,286; Fitzroy City, 30,295; and Collingwood City, 28,800. The populations of the four principal extra-metropolitan towns in 1886 were as follows:—Ballarat, 41,110; Sandhurst, 36,570; Geelong, 20,890; and Castlemaine, 9400. The estimated population of the colony on June 30, 1887, was 1,019,106—viz., 540,954 males, and 478,152 females. The number of the aboriginal race does not exceed eight hundred.

MELBOURNE.

The city of Melbourne—the greatest city outside the United Kingdom within the British Empire, having a population of nearly 400,000, urban and suburban, within a ten-mile radius—is the metropolis of Victoria. Its central site, on the north bank of the Yarra-Yarra, two or three miles from the sea or Hobson's Bay, was in 1836 known as "Beargrass"; and a few turf or plank huts were then standing, while native "black-fellows," sheltering themselves at night with a screen made of bark, hung around the humble European settlement, which in half a century has grown to stateliness and wealth equalling the largest provincial towns in Great Britain. Its public buildings, mostly constructed of an imperishable blue stone, excel those of any other city of the same size in any part of the world, although some of them—the Parliament Houses, for example—are yet unfinished. The construction of the west front and dome of the Parliament Houses is now going on. The most noteworthy edifices are the Treasury; the Houses of Parliament (with a library of 35,000 volumes); the new Law Courts, in the Italian style, built of brick, faced with sandstone, which were nine years in erection, and have cost over £250,000, occupying a frontage to four streets of 300 ft.; the Free Library, containing over 110,000 volumes; the Post-Office; the building till lately used as Government printing-office; an immense edifice at the back of the Treasury for the Land, Mining, and other Departments; the Customs House, having a fine frontage to Queen's Wharf, and being near the spot where Mr. John P. Fawcner moored the little craft that was the pioneer of the fleets of merchantmen that have thronged the waters of Hobson's Bay; the Mint; the University, with the admirable Museum and the Wilson Hall, a magnificent building in the Perpendicular Gothic style of architecture, having a length of 140 ft., a breadth of 47 ft., and height of 47 ft. at walls to 84 ft. at the apex of the roof; the new Townhall, having a spacious room capable of seating 4000 persons, with one of the finest organs in the world; the various places of worship; St. Patrick's Cathedral (Roman Catholic), which has for many years been in course of erection; the insurance offices; the Exchange—a handsome building at the rear of the Old Hall of Commerce, with a fine hall; the theatres and the new Victoria Hall in Bourke-street, and many large and handsomely-built hotels. Conspicuous from every part of the city is Government House, a palatial building, with a square tower 145 ft. high, from whose summit a magnificent panorama of land and sea is obtainable, and in which the representative of Royalty is fittingly lodged. A cathedral for the Church of England, now in course of erection from the designs of Mr. Butterfield, is at the corner of Swanston and Flinders streets. Its extreme external length will be 273 ft., width 126 ft., central tower 156 ft. high, with lofty spire; it will afford accommodation for 1700 persons. Among the banking premises are the Bank of Australasia, a massive building of the Doric order; the London Chartered Bank, in the Græco-Italian style; the Bank of Victoria; the Bank of New Zealand; the Colonial Bank, and the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank, in the Gothic style.

The port of Melbourne is at Sandridge (now called Port Melbourne), a township 2½ miles distant, situated on Hobson's Bay, and connected with the metropolis by road and railway. Port Melbourne has two large and commodious piers, jutting out a long way into the bay, affording accommodation for a large fleet, and allowing vessels of almost any tonnage to berth alongside. Hobson's Bay has accommodation for 800 vessels; it varies in depth from three to five fathoms, and has good anchorage, the bottom of stiff clay and mud. There is access for steamers and vessels of considerable size to the very heart of the city by means of the river Yarra-Yarra, which is navigable to Melbourne. A dyke of basaltic rock, known as the Falls, has been blasted away, and the river is now uninterrupted and is tidal to Richmond. Immediately below the Falls are the Queen's, Cole's, and Australian wharves, extending for about a mile along the north bank of the river, and used almost solely by intercolonial trading vessels and steamers, and the Australian wharf especially, by colliers. A dry dock is here, which will admit of ships of 1100 tons being taken in, and a wet dock of large area is proposed, to which the railway from Spencer-street would be connected. On the opposite

bank of the river are ship-repairing yards, foundries, and many other manufactories, also a stone wharf, built at great cost, alongside which large vessels can be accommodated, and having a very large steam-crane, capable of lifting up to fifty tons from the ships that berth there. Between this and the Queen's wharf opposite is the Pool, an expansion of the river, where the largest vessels using this navigation can turn with ease. At present vessels drawing 16 ft. can get to the Melbourne wharves at ordinary tides, and 18 ft. at high tides, and this depth will be increased. Since 1877 the water has been deepened 3 ft., and the minimum depth at low water is now 14 ft. 6 in. at spring tides. A canal to Sandridge has been under consideration, but Sir John Coode has submitted plans for the improvement of the Yarra, which have partially been acted upon—a great advantage to all vessels coming up to Melbourne.

The city is plentifully supplied with omnibuses, similar to those in use in New York, cars, cabs, waggonettes, and other facilities for suburban and street conveyance, which run at cheap fares. Cable tramways now traverse several of the leading streets, and others are in course of construction. There are three railway stations—one in Spencer-street, being the terminus of the up-country lines; the second in Flinders-street, from which the suburban trains to Port Melbourne, South Melbourne, St. Kilda, Brighton, and other places run; and the third at Prince's Bridge, the starting point of the trains to Hawthorn, Camberwell, and Gipps Land. The principal streets in Melbourne proper are one mile in length, 99 ft. in width, and run at right angles to each other; they are intersected by smaller streets which bear the name of the larger streets with the prefix of "Little." These leading thoroughfares are named, respectively, after Australian notabilities—Flinders, Collins, Bourke, Lonsdale, and Latrobe, running nearly east and west; and cross streets called Spencer, King, William, Queen, Elizabeth, Swanston, Russell, Exhibition, and Spring street. Elizabeth-street, in the valley of the two principal hills on which the city is situated, divides East Melbourne from West Melbourne. The adjacent suburbs, North Melbourne, Collingwood, Fitzroy, Carlton, Brunswick, South Melbourne, Prahran, and Richmond, present fine streets and roads, good private houses and shops. Prince's Bridge, lately reconstructed of iron, from the designs of Messrs. Jenkins and Granger, crosses the river by three spans of 100 ft.; and there are many other bridges. Melbourne has its public parks and gardens: the Royal Park, with a good zoological collection; the Botanical Gardens, on the south side of the Yarra; the beautiful Fitzroy Gardens, laid out with great taste and skill, containing a pleasing variety of trees and flowers; the Studley Park; the Fawcner Park; the Richmond Park, with the gardens of the Horticultural Society; the Treasury and Flagstaff Gardens. The central portion of the Carlton Gardens, about 20 acres, was utilised for the purposes of the International Exhibition. The buildings, which cost altogether some £250,000, covered an area of 5½ acres of ground. The main building is cruciform, and consists of a nave, 500 ft. long, running from east to west, and cut through its centre by a transept 270 ft. deep, the ends of which are north and south; at the south end is the chief portal, a tall arch 40 ft. wide and 60 ft. high, reached by a flight of broad stone steps. On each side are square towers 105 ft. high. Some 50 ft. behind the portico, and at the point where the transept intersects the nave, rises the dome, octagonal in form, and reaching the height of 223 ft. some 130 ft. above the main roof. At its base the central tower is 100 ft. square. In addition to the main building were annexes covering nearly 15 acres of ground, with centre avenues the whole length. These annexes have since been removed. Among the places of recreation and amusement may be mentioned the New Picture and Statuary Gallery, at the rear of the Public Library. The Melbourne Observatory, on the south side of the river Yarra, is provided with appliances of the first order, and the telescope ranks amongst the largest now in use. The Melbourne Racecourse, with a handsome grand-stand, situated at Flemington, and the Melbourne Cricket-ground, in the Richmond Reserve, also possessing an elegant and roomy stand and a fine brick pavilion with flat roof, are nowhere surpassed. The Racecourse on Cup and other principal race-days is thronged by a concourse of people rivalling that on the Epsom Downs; and the Melbourne Cricket-ground during Intercolonial and All-England matches presents a sight hardly to be seen elsewhere, upwards of 12,000 persons having been known to be present. The inhabitants of Melbourne are well provided with means of entertainment; there are five theatres, and the Victoria Hall for concerts of good music; while for social intercourse there are the Melbourne Club and the Athenæum Club; and the Mechanics' Institute, now called the Athenæum, has a good library and lecture-hall. The Eastern Market, rebuilt at a cost of £77,000, is lighted at night by electricity; there are several other markets. The city is everywhere well paved and lighted, and is supplied with good water from the Yan-Yean reservoir; but the supply will be increased by 25,000,000 gallons on the completion of the Watts River Aqueduct. Gas is supplied by the Metropolitan Gas Company, an amalgamation of three former companies. The city and suburban police-stations, the Government offices, and the offices of numerous private firms have communication by telephone. The shops, warehouses, and other commercial establishments, by their handsome exterior, bear witness to the activity of profitable trade. No deficiency or inferiority will be observed by the newly-arrived emigrant who has been accustomed to Liverpool or Glasgow; except in three particulars—the cabs are bad; the carriage roadway, off the principal thoroughfares, is often badly out of repair; and many of the roads are rendered disagreeable by open sewers. These faults ought soon to be amended.

Our Special Artist's Sketches comprise street views, of which more are to be given; the Pool, with its shipping, in a view looking north-east; Government House, sketched by him from a new point of view; Prince's Bridge, recently opened; the imitation of an encampment of aboriginal savages, in the Zoological Gardens; a free dinner given by public charity to the city poor, during the festivities of the Australian Centenary Commemoration; and a great sale of lands by auction. Town building land in Melbourne often realises enormous prices; in one case £5 a square foot was paid for a street frontage, and the purchaser re-sold it for £9 15s. a foot. These sales cause wild excitement among the speculators at Melbourne.

The Goldsmiths' Company have contributed £25 towards the funds of the Thames Church Mission.

In "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1889 many useful additions have been made: among them a return of the commissions given to men (615 in number) who have risen from the ranks since the abolition of purchase in the Army; papers on educational progress; the new Local Government Act; marks on porcelain; uniform, badges, and rates of pay of all ranks and departments in the Army; a complete list of the recipients of the Victoria Cross since its institution; a handy glossary of astronomical terms and facts; and a miscellaneous variety of shorter articles, tables, and abstracts. To the man of business "Whitaker" is indispensable.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE, THE CAPITAL OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



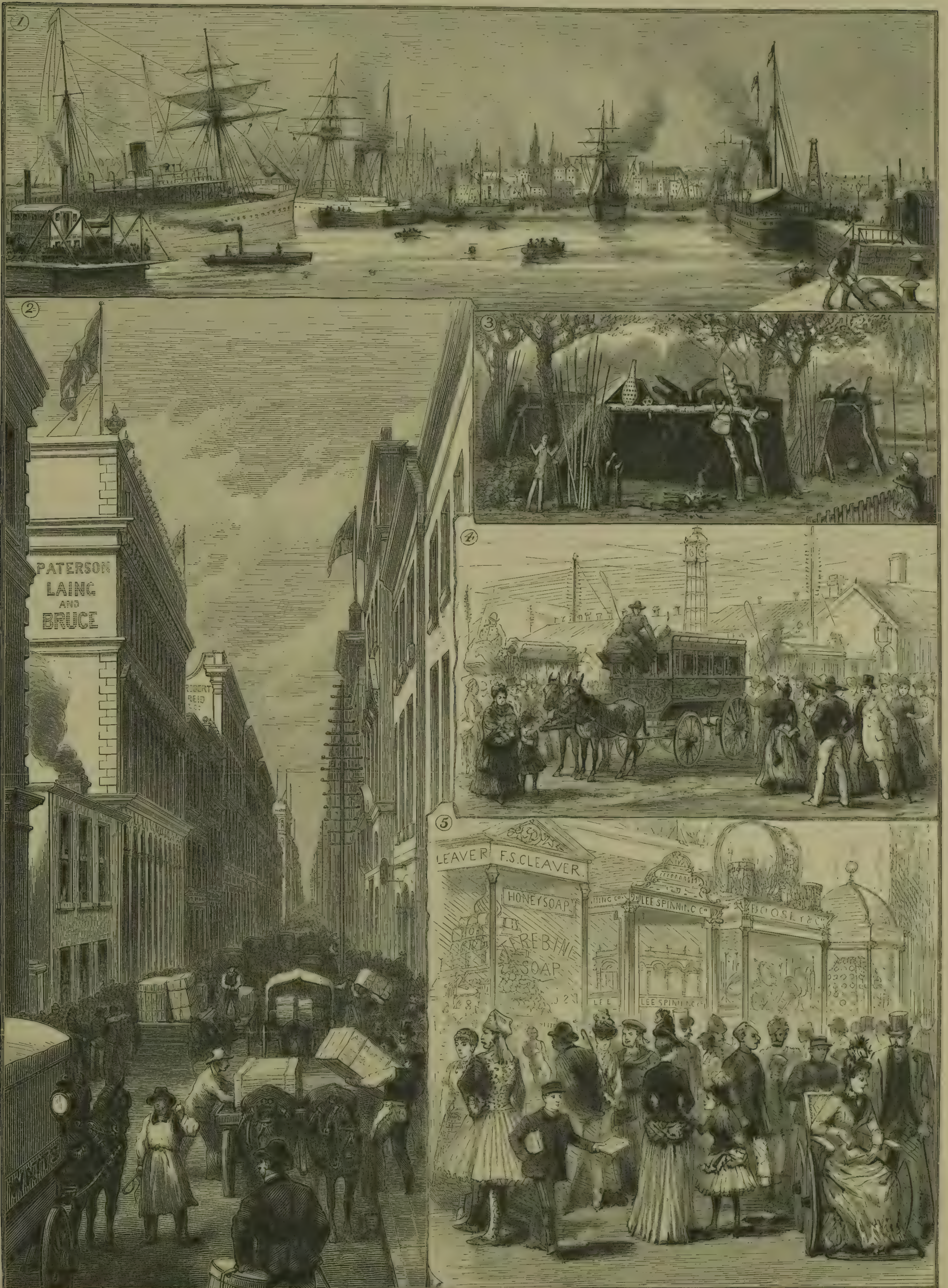
PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE.



FREE DINNER TO THE POOR OF MELBOURNE.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE, THE CAPITAL OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. The Pool, from the Ferry.
2. Little Flinders-street.

3. Exact representation of Native Encampment fifty years ago,
now in the Zoological Gardens.

4. To the Exhibition from Flinders-street Railway Station.
5. Scene in the Exhibition.

THE ISLE OF MERKEN.

It was a still, hot day in August when we wound through the canals of Amsterdam in a little steam-launch, whose stoked-up fires and throbbing, malodorous engines made the heat of the breezeless day still more intense. We passed out into the Y, and through the great sea-lock, into the Zuider Zee, which stretched before us calm and desolate. At last, on the dim horizon, at some distance from the long, low shore on our left, three blocks, like ghostly haystacks, rose through the thin blue mist, and then gradually a strip of land uniting them appeared above the sea, shaping itself, as we approached, into an island covered with clusters of houses. It was the Isle of Merken, hidden away in a great curve of the Southern Sea, a land where the years bring no change as they roll by.

Suddenly, four hours after leaving the Amstel Quay, we turned sharp to the right, and ran into the little harbour of Merken, among the fishing smacks that lay sheltered alongside the staked and stone-bound dykes that formed the tiny port. We climbed ashore up a narrow ladder-like flight of steps in the cobbles of the sea-wall, which is raised several feet above the level of the island. The inhabitants stood and gazed at us, the men with their hands in their pockets, the women with their hands on their hips, and the children with their hands folded behind their backs. They looked at us calmly and placidly, with no hint of rudeness in their gaze; but with an air of tolerant criticism, as though we had been creatures of another planet, in whose existence they acquiesced, but in whom they took no more than a passing interest.

The Isle of Merken is nothing but a collection of sand-mounds rising from a low flat land hardly above the level of the sea. It is protected by stone and wattled dykes, and intersected by narrow canals about four feet wide, along which miniature barges or punts thread their way. These canals are crossed by single plank bridges pivoting on a huge nail, and having a heavy block of wood on the short arm, so that they can be swung back to allow the little barges to pass by. There are three mounds or hillocks, each one covered with its group of houses, which dispute for precedence among themselves. The central point of the first mound is the church and the pastor's house; of the second, the light-house; and of the third, the cemetery. All the buildings, except the pastor's house and the church, are of wood, clinker-built, tarred or painted black, and with tiled roofs. None of them can boast any great antiquity, for in the stormy history of the Netherlands Merken has frequently been taken and pillaged.

The men are burly, thick-set fellows, with the huge baggy breeches of the traditional Dutchman. These breeches and the gaiters which join them are made of dark-blue serge, very thick and strong, and the jersey is made of the same material. Sometimes on shore the men wear a blouse over all. On their heads they carry commonplace straw hats of the ordinary English shape, or close-fitting, dark-blue caps with peaks, and on their feet sabots of surpassing size and thickness. The women have slight distinctions of dress for all ages, the costumes of young girl, betrothed maiden, wife, and widow all being different in some small particular. As a general thing they wear a heavy skirt of dark-blue serge bound with red or black, puffed out with many petticoats beneath, full at the waist and gathered in. Their long aprons and bodices, which are laced up behind, are of gay chintz, and their stockings are of knitted wool. On their heads they wear a close white cap, often covered with a many-coloured handkerchief, under which peeps out their pale golden hair cut in a fringe over the forehead. The unmarried girls also wear a long curl on each side of the face, hanging down against each cheek and on the shoulder, and all the women wear a couple of gold wire pins to keep their hair together behind. The children, both girls and boys, are dressed in exactly the same fashion until the age of eight. To a stranger all the solemn-faced, petticoated little creatures seem girls; there are apparently no small boys on the island at all. The children are dressed in a brilliantly-striped cotton shirt, with a dark blue, knitted jersey underneath. Like the women, they wear a bodice of gay chintz laced up behind, a full skirt of dark-blue serge, woollen stockings, and sabots. They, too, have a fringe and two long, fair curls coming out from under a close bonnet of chintz, and all are so exactly alike that it is impossible, at first sight, to tell boys from girls. However, the boys are distinguished by having two gold or silver buttons at the throat, fastening their cap-strings, or by a patch of embroidery on the crown of the bonnet. These gold and silver buttons are heirlooms in the families, and are handed down from father to son through the generations, and some of them are remarkable for their quaint, antique shapes and patterns.

The houses shown to the visitor are suspiciously like show houses, only one or two being open to inspection, and those full of curiosities and beyond measure tidy. The house or cabin to which visitors are always taken boasts a splendid collection of oaken chests with brass hinges, carved cabinets, armoires, and sideboards, tall clocks, pots and pans of ancient crockery, cups and bowls of finer ware, brass candlesticks and lanterns, and against the wall an imposing warming-pan, also of brass. Two-thirds of one side of the room were occupied by a vast recess containing a wide open fireplace large enough to do the cooking for a regiment; the other third of the side being a niche in which was the owner's bed, piled up with bedding and blankets almost to the ceiling, and surmounted by a couple of bulky pillows, all after the approved Continental style for a bed in a cupboard. The room was a veritable collection of odds and ends of ancient Merken bric-à-brac; but the general effect was spoiled by the introduction of a couple of common cheap petroleum-lamps, with clumsy glass reservoirs and flimsy metal fittings, beside which even the grotesque photographs of relatives dotted about the walls had an air of antiquity and fitness. As for the widow and her pretty daughters, they were perfectly in harmony with their surroundings, their old-world dresses being most natural and becoming beneath the low rafters of that quaint old wooden house.

But the afternoon was wearing away, and we had to get back to Amsterdam; so we wound along the narrow paths by the side of the tiny canals, and returned to our launch in the little harbour. A very short run took us across to Monnickendam on the mainland, where we entered the canal, and, passing the thick wood round the church, steamed down a broad, straight stretch of water nearly level with the surrounding country. On our left were wide, green meadows, dotted over with haystacks in long jack-boots reaching above the knee. Here and there were villages and farm-houses, and on the edge of the Zuider Zee, which stretched a thin blue line in the far distance, rose the tower of a church. On the right was a thick fringe of reeds, a road, a double line of trees, a ditch, and, beyond, the broad green plain, with cows, windmills, and farm-houses, to give a semblance of life to the monotony of the landscape. We visited Broek the clean, the beloved of tourists, and, passing through more flat country, and under bridges and through locks, where toll was demanded in a sabot dangling at the end of a long cord tied to a stick, we struck the Ship Canal and joined the crowd of vessels slowly making their way towards the busy city whose towers stood out against the cloudless sky on the other side of the Y.

J. W. P.

CHESS.

D H S (St. Austell).—Your first and third thoughts are no better than your second. Black cannot play 1t to R 4th—you mean R 5th. If he does that, White continues the solution given: 2. B to K Kt 8th (dis. ch), K to Kt 2nd; 3. Q to Q B 7th, Mate. Now we have taken the trouble to make every move for you, perhaps you will be able to discover the problem is not impossible.

M JACKSON (Wilton).—Shall be examined and reported upon shortly.

A NEWMAN.—Thanks; we hope the novelties may have a better fate than your last effort.

COLLIMBUS.—Your problem is scarcely up to publication standard. The play lacks interest.

Mrs. B.—We are not satisfied with your three-move problem. There is not sufficient variety to compensate for the easiness of solution.

J W PRYDE.—Your problems are not without merit, but the finish in each case is so tame that one of the special points of problem construction, beauty of mating position, entirely disappears.

W. PARSONS.—If, in your position, Black play 1. Kt to Q 3rd, how does mate follow? * * In consequence of the holidays, several answers to correspondents must stand over for another week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from O M B (Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2325 from G B Hewett (Middle Colaba) and O M B; of No. 2326 from G B Hewett; of No. 2327 from G B Hewett and J Drake (Natal); of No. 2329 from D D B (Dufftown) and J Bingley; of No. 2331 from W R Railleu, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), E G Boys, H Burley, J Hepworth Shaw, and Geo Saint, Jun.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2332 received from E Loudon, R H Brooks, W E Cartwright, Shadforth, Davu, Howard A. J Cond, A Newman, R F N Banks, E Phillips, E Casella (Paris), L Desanges, R Worters (Canterbury), Dr Law (Sheffield), Dane John, G J Veale, T Roberts, James Sage, J Dixon, Mrs Kelly, D H S (St. Austell), Dr F St, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), E G Boys, Julia Short, W R Railleu, Bernard Reynolds, Geo Saint, Jun, J T W, J D Tucker (Leeds), Percy Ewen, W Wright, Percival, and M Sharp.

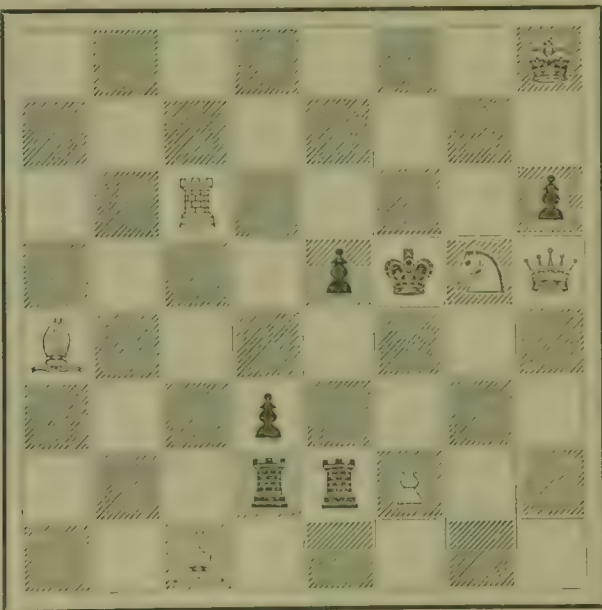
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2330.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 4th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2334.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

Game played by Mr. BLACKBURNE during his recent visit to the Midlands. (King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Egger).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	P to K Kt 4th

A novelty of doubtful merit. Black was justified, however, in quitting a well-worn game for the purpose of embarrassing his opponent.

WHITE	BLACK
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th
5. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
7. Q takes P	P to K R 4th
8. Q to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
10. B takes P	

The opening now results in Black being minus a Pawn with no equivalent in position, something very unusual in the defence of a gambit.

WHITE	BLACK
11. Castles (Q R)	Kt to Q 2nd
12. B to K Kt 5th	P to B 3rd
13. B to B 4th	Castles
14. P to Q 5th	

This being Christmas week, when anything serious is not to be thought of, we present a slight addition to the good cheer of the season in the shape of a dish of chess nuts:—

By A. NEWMAN.—White: K at K Kt 7th, R at Q B sq, B at K Kt 3rd, Kt at Q R 7th.

Black: K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q B 6th, R's at Q sq and Q Kt 2nd, B's at Q 2nd and Q R 8th, Knights at Q Kt 3rd and K R 2nd.

White mates in part of a move.

By A. NEWMAN.—White: K at K R 6th, Q at Q 8th, Kt at Q Kt 8th; Pawns at Q B 6th and Q Kt 7th.

Black: K at Q R 2nd, Kt at Q R sq.

White to play, and, by a literal interpretation of law, to mate in two moves.

The following end games in actual play are selected from Adolf Roegner's recently published collection:—

White (WINAWER): K at Q B sq, Q at K 4th, B at Q B 2nd, R at Q sq; Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q 5th, K B 2nd, K Kt 3rd, and K R 5th.

Black (BLACKBURNE): K at K Kt sq, Q at K 7th, R at Q Kt sq, B at Q B 6th; Pawns at Q 3rd, Q B 2nd, Q R 3rd, K B 2nd, K Kt 2nd, and K R 2nd.

Black to play and win.

White (ZUKERTORT): K at K Kt 2nd, Q at Q Kt 3rd, Kt at Q 5th; Pawns at B 7th, K B 3rd, K Kt 3rd, and K R 2nd.

Black (ENGELSH): K at K sq, Q at Q B 3rd, Kt at K 3rd; Pawns at K B 3rd, K Kt 2nd, K R 3rd, and Q R 2nd.

White to play and win.

From the current number of Mr. Steinitz's *International Chess Magazine*:—

By J. W. ABBOTT.—White: K at K R 4th, Q at Q R 4th, R at K B 4th, B at Q 3rd, Kt at K B 2nd.

Black: K at K 4th, P at Q 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

Otto of the Silver Hand. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle (Sampson Low and Co.).—The iron-handed German Barons and Knights of the Middle Ages have figured in many romantic tales; and the "castled crags" overlooking the Rhine and other rivers are supposed to have witnessed a good deal of lawless violence, rapacity, and cruelty. Little Baron Otto of Drachenhausen, whose gentle lady mother, when she gave birth to him, died of the shock that she suffered in seeing her fierce lord brought home sorely wounded from a fight with the neighbouring burghers, has been educated by the monks, and is an angel of charity and piety. He is captured by his father's enemy, the Baron Henry of Trutz-Drachen, who cuts off the child's right hand. The story, which goes on to relate his deliverance from the enemy's castle by One-eyed Hans, the battle that ensued, and the intervention of the Emperor Rudolph, is sufficiently interesting, and is well told by Mr. Howard Pyle, whose drawings, engraved in the twenty-five illustrations, have also much force of conception and expression. Otto, who has to wear a silver hand, becomes a page at the Emperor's Court.

That Boy Jack: A Story for Young Folk. By Helen H. Rogers, Author of "An Old-World Story" (J. Hogg).—This bright and wholesome little history of the childhood of a young gentleman who became a worthy officer of the British naval service is evidently written by a lady who knows what boys are, and how to make them what boys and men should be. She must also be acquainted with the domestic life of families belonging to the superior class of civilian officials resident at her Majesty's Dockyards; and if the character of the kind old Admiral is a portrait from life, we hope that no reform of the Admiralty will ever shut out the practice of such engaging virtues. How Jack Fenshawe, a bit of a scapegrace, in the tenth year of his age, inspired by an old sailor's yarns with a wish to go to sea, became a favourite with the Admiral by his exhibition of frankness and straightforwardness, in going to apologise for a fault, and was then taken with his sister Agnes on board the yacht for a day's pleasure; how he was sent to a private school in France, quarrelled with the French boys who derided England, ran away, lost his money, and was rescued from distress by meeting the Admiral at Cherbourg; and how, when his schooling was done, he entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman, with a noble career before him, let Miss Rogers tell the reader in her own pleasant way. The engravings, drawn by A. Hitchcock, are not bad illustrations of the tale.

Adventures of Her Serene Highness the Moon-faced Princess. By F. St. J. Orlebar (R. Bentley and Son).—The Princess, whose plump, round visage, with eyes of ineffable tenderness, looks forth in many of the illustrations in this amusing book, was born to the Mikado's Imperial family in Japan, but of an English mother, and in due time she came to England, where some thought her Serene Highness a dear soft little idiot, while others admired the bland suavity of her temper; but her grandmother and great-grandmother were quite delighted.

Brave Deeds. Collected and illustrated by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Marshman (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).—Colonel Marshman, who dedicates these historical anecdotes and pictures of military gallantry to his old comrades of the late 28th, now the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, has extracted brief authentic records from books of undeniable credit, and with a skilful pencil has delineated more than a dozen notable scenes on the field of battle, from the wars of Marlborough, the Peninsula and Waterloo, to the Alma and Balaklava.

Nurse's Memories. By Charlotte M. Yonge (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—Miss Yonge's high literary reputation, especially as an engaging and instructive writer for girls, is a sufficient credential sign to recommend these chapters, which are illustrated by Frederick Marriott and Florence Mapstone with very suitable drawings.

Young Maids and Old China. Verses by F. W. Bourdillon; pictures by J. G. Sowerby (Marcus Ward and Co.).—Every page is adorned with one or more specimens of pretty blue china-ware, besides the coloured pictures of incidents in the life of girlhood, and the comments in passable poetry.

The Origin of Plum-Pudding, and other Fairy Tales. By Frank Hudson (Ward and Downey).—Mr. Hudson's stories, including his account of Father Christmas showing the fairies how to make plum-pudding for Tim Blink and his dame, "Shaun Murray's Challenge," "The Fairy of Fashion," and "The Fairy from France," as well as his burlesque, "Othello the Second," which is not a tragedy, will be found amusing. The illustrations are by Gordon Browne.

The Children of the Week. By William Theodore Peters (G. Routledge).—These are American children, dwelling either in Philadelphia, as we suppose, or in New York; one of them is called Alexandra Selkirk, jun., and the other is Charlotte. They are visited by a Red Indian, who is on speaking terms with all the Days of the Week, and who repeats the tale which each Day has told him. Mr. Clinton Peters, a clever artist, furnishes the illustrations.

We may also notice, with decided approbation, the new volume of illustrated descriptive and historical geography issued by the Religious Tract Society, which is *Irish Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil*, by Mr. Richard Lovett; and Messrs. G. Philip and Son's *Pictures of Native Life in Distant Lands*, translated from the German of Professor A. Kirchoff, with twelve coloured plates designed by H. Leutemann, and printed at Föhr by G. Löwensohn. In *Florida's Feast* (Cassell and Co., Limited) the designs by Walter Crane, mingling graceful human forms with those of plants and flowers, are of artistic quality. *Sparks from the Yule-Log*, by W. G. Churcher, (Elliot Stock) including a short tale called "It," by Mr. Rider Haggard, is proper Christmas fare. The Bride-street publisher, Mr. E. Nister, has further produced two illustrated books, entitled *There Was Once* (old fairy-tales in prose), and *When All is Young*, pieces of verse addressed to children, with beautiful coloured engravings, printed at Nuremberg in the most perfect style; and *Fair Flowers from the Poet's Garden*, comprised in a few small pages. *Switzerland, its Mountains, Lakes, and Valleys* (J. S. Virtue and Co.) is a new and revised edition of a descriptive book, with 250 wood-engravings, by the aid of which one may share the pleasures of the tourist while staying at home. In *The Sunny South* (Walter Smith and Innes, publishers) is another story of children accompanying their parents in foreign travels, as far as the neighbourhood of Cannes; the illustrations are by Mr. T. Pym, who makes charming little figures and groups of the small people that everybody loves. The Religious Tract Society, among the greatest publishers of cheap and good popular literature, have this year also issued Mr. Harper's *Walks in Palestine*, illustrated with twenty-four superb photographs. Of the *édition de luxe*, limited to a hundred copies, and published at 45s., only twenty copies remain, and more than six hundred copies of the ordinary edition, at 25s., have been sold. This book may be pronounced one of the most artistic productions of the present season, and no choicer Christmas gift could be desired.

GREAT MEN'S FATHERS.

From the recently-published Diary of the late German Emperor Frederick readers will probably draw various conclusions, more or less capable of dispute; but there is one which I think nobody will care to impugn—namely, that he was a much greater man than his father. Circumstance—that mysterious power which bulks so largely in the lives of all of us—so ordered it that the Emperor William, though endowed with no more than average intelligence, and saved from mediocrity only by his iron strength of will and rigid adherence to his idea of kingship, should be placed in a position which made him seem quite an heroic figure. And, indeed, when set against such a background as two successful wars and the expansion of a small kingdom into a great empire, no one could look other than colossal. Agamemnon, Achilles, Priam, and the rest would be but ordinary mortals if the flames of burning Troy did not throw upon them a lurid light, and the companionship of deities elevate and dignify them. In the capacity for rule, in the statesmanship which moulds and shapes events so as to realise a lofty purpose, in self-repression and self-sacrifice and silent fortitude—the three qualities which differentiate a hero from his valet—in a word, in all the higher virtues, the son soared away above the father as if the two were not of the same blood. I wonder whether the grim old soldier fathomed ever so little the fine, sweet, and yet lofty character of his son; attained to any conception of the chivalrous magnanimity and calm wisdom which were stored up in that noble nature; was aware that he had begotten a paladin—a peerless prince? One cannot help doubting it, because the lesser minds can never correctly appraise the higher, and there can be no true sympathy where motives, aims, and impulses are radically unlike. One may even suspect that the parental affection was marred by a slight strain of jealousy. And, after all, it is unquestionably mortifying—as James I. experienced in relation to his son, Prince Henry—to discover that you have brought into the world a rival, a successful competitor with yourself, and that it is your own son who holds up the mirror to reflect his father's littleness of stature. Conceive the impatience of the best of men when they find themselves measured by a standard of their own making, and that a standard which overtops them by several inches! So long as an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, all goes well; but when a Solym the Magnificent interrupts the succession of mediocrities, and puts his father to the blush, there's the dickens to pay! It takes a great deal of generosity for a man to be comfortable in such a position, and a great deal more for him actually to enjoy, and be proud of, his self-made depreciation. To be known as Mr. William Shakespeare's or Mr. John Milton's father—I suppose there are men who would rejoice in the distinction, and, perhaps, with good reason. On the whole, I take it to be a fortunate thing that so few fathers are exposed to this sort of trial. We have no right to ask too much of poor humanity; and it is just as well—is it not?—that most of us should be tolerably confident that we are not Great Men's Fathers.

Yet such an honour, or such a burden, whichever you like to call it, might happen at any moment to any man. How little could Gabrini, the small inn-keeper in the Roman Ghetto, have expected to become the father of the stately Tribune, Cola di Rienzi? or that "honest, poor man of Ipswich"—grazier or butcher, which was he?—to have introduced into English history such a magnificent personage as Wolsey, the Cardinal? When the Arras advocate suddenly disappeared from the sight of his family and clients, little did he think that the two-year old son he left behind him would one day terrorise France under the name of Maximilian Robespierre. It would seem, from an anecdote that has come down to us, that Madame Buonaparte anticipated the future greatness of Napoleon—which is probably true, as most mothers indulge in sanguine dreams of the ultimate prosperity of their offspring; but it is certain that no such splendid vision dazzled the eyes of his father, the honest and patriotic lawyer of Ajaccio (a much more respectable character, by-the-way, than his famous son ever became). The small Scotch farmer who laboriously tilled the ungrateful soil of Mount Oliphant, never dreamed, we may be sure, that his son Robbie would write the name of Burns among the immortals. He died, however, before the poet made his reputation, and therefore suffered no inconvenience from it. But I am sure that Sir Timothy Shelley bitterly disliked the kind of renown which accrued to him as the father of the author of "Queen Mab" and "The Revolt of Islam." No doubt it was a mystery to him to his dying day how he should have committed the mistake—he, the rigidly conservative and prosaic Sussex squire—of giving to the world a social revolutionist, a political destructive, and a brilliant poet in the person of his son and heir. And Martin Luther, the Reformer—what a surprise it would have been to his father, on that Eve of St. Martin, when, to the industrious miner a son was unexpectedly born at Eisleben, if the book of the Future had suddenly unfolded its leaves and shown him that son boldly riding towards Worms to vindicate the truth before the Diet of the German princes—"resolved to enter Worms in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, although as many devils should set at him as there were tiles on the house-tops"! Probably, honest John Luther would have wished that his wife had brought no such wonderful and perplexing man-child into the world.

It is not to be disputed that there are instances on record which point in a different direction, and to some extent vindicate the paternal character from what would otherwise be a sad reproach. One is familiar enough with the story of the careful training bestowed by the illustrious Chatham on his son William Pitt, afterwards known as "the pilot who weathered the storm"; though, as a matter of fact, he literally sank beneath it, and died of its violence. It is pretty, as Master Pepys would say, to contemplate the picture of the celebrated statesman supervising his son's practice in English composition, selecting for him the best models, teaching him how to manage his voice, and rejoicing in the promise he gave of future excellence. Pitt's great rival, Charles James Fox, received a very different training at his father's hands. But, at all events, Lord Holland was never discomfited by the early fame of his brilliant son. I am always much moved by the recital of the pride and exultation with which Turner's father watched the increasing reputation of the great artist; and I can fancy how astonished the whilom barber must have been at his successive triumphs. Yet in the painter's boyhood the father, it is only fair to recollect, predicted his son's rise in the world. "My son," he said to Stothard, the artist, "is going to be a painter." And when a small legacy was left to him, he immediately devoted the whole of it to paying the fees for his son's artistic education. We know that Sir Walter Scott's father—the "Alexander Fairford" of his romance of "Redgauntlet"—delighted in the laurels which his son wore always with such modest dignity. And with what eager interest did Pope's father, the retired linendraper, watch the growth of his son's popularity, and his gradual recognition by society as the greatest English poet of his time. The old man was fortunate in living to see his son not only famous, but—for a poet—affluent, and to linger for some months among the classic shades of Twickenham.

In not a few instances great men's fathers have escaped all

responsibility by the simple expedient of dying before their sons attained greatness. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for example, passed away just as his son's powers were beginning to mature. One could wish that industrious James Faraday, the blacksmith, had lived to see the expanding reputation of his son, the celebrated chemist. Charles Lamb's father, of whom he has drawn so charming a portrait in his essay "On the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," struggled on until his son was twenty-two; but Elia's fame was of much later growth, and the old man's declining years were brightened by no anticipatory gleams of it. The Bristol linendraper who begot Southey did not live to see his son flourishing like a green bay-tree in the pleasant fields of literature. So small does the father sometimes seem in comparison with, or in contrast to, the celebrated son, that the latter's biographer often omits all reference to his departure from a world in which he had no other apparent *raison d'être* than to act as a progenitor. I have just looked at a memoir of Wordsworth which does not give even the date of his father's death! Schiller, the greatest (if we except Goethe) of the German poets, had reached manhood before his father died, whom he had sorely vexed by his vagrom disposition. Little could the elder Schiller foresee that the indifferent surgeon who fretted against the uncongeniality of his calling would develop into the author of "Wallenstein" and "The Maid of Orleans." It seems hard that fathers who have striven much for their sons' sake should disappear without any reward for their labours—even without that gratification which the fame and future of their sons might be expected to give; though they escape, it is true, the inconveniences to which I have already alluded. But the Bathgate baker, whom Providence made the father of Sir James Simpson, would have unquestionably been thankful to have witnessed the physician's brilliant success. His death occurred just as his son, a youth of nineteen, was going up for his surgeon's degree. And very probably the Vicar of Berkeley, who died when his son, Dr. Edward Jenner, was only five years old, would have rejoiced to hail in him so great a benefactor to mankind as the discoverer of vaccination. Petrarch's father would fain have made his son Francesco a lawyer: happily, his death left the poet free to follow the spontaneous impulses of his genius—to celebrate Laura in immortal verse, and to receive the Laureate's crown in the Roman Capitol. This is not the only case in which a great man's father has conferred on his son a double obligation—first, by becoming his father; and, second, by dying before he could do anything to mar his career (which, by-the-way, if he had done, he might never have proved to be a great man's father, for we know how Genius droops and withers in an uncongenial atmosphere). The father of Claude Lorraine wanted to make him a pastrycook. The father of Jacques Callot was persistently hostile to his son's artistic tendencies. And Benvenuto Cellini's father had no higher ambition for his son than that he should become an expert flute-player.

It would seem, if one judged from *a priori* reasoning, that a great man's father should himself be a great man; or else what becomes of the doctrine of heredity? But every biographical dictionary proves the reverse; and proves also that a great man's sons seldom carry on the paternal greatness. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Raleigh, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Titian—one might fill a page with suggestive names. Nature, when she has produced a great poet, a great musician, or a great warrior, breaks the mould, and there's an end of it. That a man inherits to some extent the moral qualities of his parents may be allowed, though the hypothesis is one into which we must not inquire too curiously; but that he necessarily inherits his intellectual character from them appears to be a statement unwarranted by the general evidence of biography. Sometimes the advocates of heredity rely, I observe, upon the maternal element as the stronger, and the father is thrust into quite a secondary relationship; but then, at other times, we are carefully instructed to look to the great man's father as the original from which his greatness is derived. But is it possible to conceive that Shakespeare owed anything, ever so trivial, to the worthy commonplace Burgess of Stratford-on-Avon, whose highest ambition was to wear the aldermanic robes? Or, to refer again to Claude Lorraine's father, what could the great painter inherit from the unintelligent individual who would have forced upon his son the cap and apron of the pastrycook? What was there in common between the rough sea-captain, Sir William Penn, and his son, the founder of Pennsylvania? When Benjamin Haydon told his father that he had made up his mind to be a painter, "Who has put this stuff into your head?" growled the father. "Nobody; I have always had it." "You will live to repent!" exclaimed the elder Haydon. "Never, my dear father; I would rather die in the trial!" Not much sympathy here between son and father? What did Locke owe to his "progenitor"? or Helvetius, or Diderot, or Newton? Among musicians, however, there *does* seem to be an inheritance of ability. Mozart's father, as everybody knows, was a practical musician. If Abraham Mendelssohn (who recognised the awkward position of a great man's father, wittily saying, "Formerly, I was the son of my father [the illustrious Moses Mendelssohn]; now I am the father of my son") had no technical acquaintance with the divine art, he had a wonderful insight into it. As for the Bachs, in them the musical faculty descended from father to son, and son to grandson, like the crown through a dynasty of Guelfs or Hapsburgs. Chopin's father was musically inclined. Beethoven's was his son's first teacher, and played both violin and clavier like a proficient. The father of Franz Schubert was a schoolmaster, but knew enough of the art to instruct his "gifted son." The greatest of violinists, Paganini, received his earliest musical lessons from his father, who loved music intensely, and was a performer on the mandolin. Haydn's father had a good tenor voice, and though he did not know a note, could accompany himself on the harp. Handel's father, it is true, was an exception to the rule, which is confirmed, however, by the case of our great English musician, Sterndale Bennett, whose father was an organist and a composer of songs. Sir Arthur Sullivan was born amid "sweet sounds;" and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie is descended from three generations of musicians.

Evidently, a heavy responsibility rests upon the fathers of great men, and, as we have seen, the relationship is one which involves a considerable amount of risk and inconvenience. So that, though a certain degree of distinction attaches to it, I feel inclined, on the whole, to offer my respectful condolences to any of my readers who are, or are likely to be, Great Men's Fathers.

In recognition of his recent gallant rescue of a drowning man from the River Tay, the Marquis of Breadalbane has been awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, having returned from their annual provincial tour, have resumed their well-known entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. Their new programme is, as usual, excellent.

"Hazell's Annual for 1889," an excellent cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day, has just been issued, in an enlarged form, containing many new and revised articles. It is brimful of information on all sorts of subjects.

OBITUARY.

SIR BRODERICK HARTWELL, BART.

Sir Broderick Hartwell, second Baronet, of Dale Hall, Essex, died in London on Dec. 11. He was born July 17, 1813, the elder son of the Rev. Houlton Hartwell, M.A., Chaplain to George, Prince Regent, by Ruth, his wife, daughter of Mr. David Ball, of Bishops Hall, and succeeded his grandfather as second Baronet in 1831. He married, Oct. 28, 1834, Alicia, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Gunthorpe, of Antigua, and by her, who died April 24, 1859, leaves four sons and four daughters. His eldest son, now Sir Francis Houlton Hartwell, third Baronet, was born in 1835; married, in 1861, Emma Jane, only child of Sir Henry Dymoke, first and last Barone, and has three daughters.

SIR WILLIAM PEARCE, BART.

Sir William Pearce, Bart., of Cardell, Inverkip, in the county of Renfrew, M.P. for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire, died at his town residence, 29, Park-lane, W., on Dec. 18. He was born Jan. 8, 1833, the only son of Mr. Joseph George Pearce, formerly of the Admiralty, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Lee, of Stoke, near Devon, and was created a Baronet last year. He studied naval architecture under Mr. Oliver Lang, and was appointed, in 1864, general manager of the ship-building yards of Messrs. Napier and Sons, of Glasgow; and, in 1870, became a partner in the firm of Messrs. John Elder and Co. He was a Magistrate for Lanark, Chairman of the Guion Line Steamship Company and of the Scottish Oriental Steam Shipping Company, and a director of several other companies. He was a member of the Royal Commission on Tonnage, in 1881, and on the Commission on the Depression in Trade, in 1885. He unsuccessfully contested Glasgow in 1880, but was returned for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire, as a Conservative, in 1885. Sir William married, Jan. 22, 1860, Dinah Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Robert Sowter, of Gravesend, in the county of Kent, and leaves an only child, now Sir William George Pearce, second Baronet, barrister-at-law, who was born July 23, 1861.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES HILLYAR, K.C.B.

Admiral Sir Charles Farrel Hillyar, K.C.B., died suddenly, of heart disease, at his residence, Torre House, Torpoint, Cornwall, on Dec. 14, aged seventy-one. He was son of the late Rear-Admiral Sir James Hillyar, K.C.B., K.C.H., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. W. Taylor, of Malta. He entered the Royal Navy in 1831, became Commander in 1848, Captain in 1852, Rear-Admiral in 1867, Vice-Admiral in 1873, and Admiral in 1878. He retired in 1882. The deceased Admiral had seen a great deal of active service, having taken part, in addition to other engagements, in the operations before Sebastopol, for which he received a medal with clasp, the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. He was Commodore commanding the East Indian Station, 1865 to 1867; Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Station, 1872 to 1873; and China Station, 1877 to 1878. He was made C.B. in 1869, and K.C.B. in 1887.

COLONEL THE HON. AUGUSTUS LIDDELL.

Colonel the Hon. George Augustus Frederick Liddell, Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, died at his residence, South Lawn, Eton College, on Dec. 14, aged seventy-six. He was the sixth son of Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Bart., who was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Ravensworth, in 1821, by Maria Sannanah, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Simpson, of Bradley, and granddaughter, maternally, of Thomas, eighth Earl of Strathmore. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly in the Scots Fusilier Guards, in which he became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1846. For some years he was Comptroller of the Household and Equerry to her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Gloucester. He was Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen from 1858 to 1882, and Treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh from 1866 to 1871. Colonel Liddell married, in 1842, Cecil Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D., Canon of Durham, which lady died in 1883, leaving four sons and two daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Alexander MacLennan, D.C.L., at the Vicarage, Brompton, Northallerton, on Dec. 13.

Major J. C. Fitzmaurice, formerly Assistant Commissioner, Kars, at Tunbridge Wells, on Dec. 10, aged sixty-seven.

Mr. John Rylands, at his residence, Longford Hall, Stretford, on Dec. 11, in his eighty-sixth year. He was a Magistrate for the county of Lancaster.

Mr. George Routledge, of Stone House, Carlisle, J.P. and D.L., the well-known publisher, on Dec. 13, at 50, Russell-square, aged seventy-six.

Lady Augusta Poulett, at 10, Hill-street, Mayfair, on Dec. 11, in her eighty-seventh year. She was the third daughter of John, fourth Earl Poulett, by Sophia, his wife, daughter of Admiral Sir George Pocock.

The Rev. Henry Bull, M.A., Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Rector of Lathbury, for over fifty years, on Dec. 18, aged ninety-three. He was one of the oldest clergymen in the United Kingdom.

Captain William Fordyce Blair, R.N., of Blair, in the county of Ayr, J.P. and D.L., on Dec. 11, at his seat near Dalry, aged eighty-three. He entered the Navy at an early age, was present at the Battle of Navarino, took part in the first Burmese War, and was engaged in the capture of the Morea.

Lady Alan Spencer Churchill, at her residence, Twickenham, on Dec. 10. She was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Dowker, of Huntingdon Hall, in the county of York, and married, firstly, in 1846, Lord Alan Spencer Churchill, who died in 1873, and secondly, in 1874, Mr. Alfred Henry Caulfield.

Mr. Laurence Peel, last surviving brother of the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, second Baronet (the distinguished statesman) at his residence, Sussex-square, Brighton, on Dec. 17, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He sat as M.P. for Cokermouth from 1827 to 1830.

Mr. Richard Redgrave, C.B., after a short illness, at his residence, 27, Hyde Park-gate, S.W. He was born in 1804, and became a Royal Academician in 1852. He was formerly Surveyor of Pictures to the Queen and Inspector-General for Science and Art Department, South Kensington. He was created C.B. in 1880.

General David Downing, late of the Bengal Infantry, on Dec. 18, at his residence, The Grange, Plaxtol, Kent, aged eighty-eight. He served in the Punjab Campaign of 1848 and 1849 with the division under Brigadier Wheeler, receiving a medal for his services. His commissions bore date—Captain, 1832; Major, 1839; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1845; Colonel, 1854; Major-General, 1857; Lieutenant-General, 1869; and General, 1875.

HOGMANAY.

Conspicuous among the folk-customs which, north of the Tweed, have survived from the remotest antiquity remains that of welcoming with wassail and good wishes the birth of the new year. To all appearance a pagan custom, dating from the pre-Christian past, it probably owes its permanence to instincts acquired amid the superstitions of the Dark Ages. Of late years, it is true, under the influence of Southern fashion, the festival of Christmas has seemed to be superseding that of New Year's Eve. But, as with many other picturesque and interesting customs of Scotland, the older observance remains yet deeply rooted in the heart of the people, and, having already survived so many changes of habit and creed, may be expected to outlive even this latest inroad.

There is much to be said, too, for the keeping of Hogmanay. Christmas, indeed, is the commemoration of a great religious event, and even in the North it appears interesting and appropriate enough as a Church festival; while to those with whom its observance has been a national and family custom it contains, of course, an ample significance. But to people who have inherited the instinct with their blood the end of the year remains a more fitting time for recalling the deeds and the days that are past; and the keeping of Hogmanay awakens, north of the Border, a subtle train of early feelings and associations—the pensive charm and sweetness of “auld lang syne.” Scarcely a dwelling is there, cottage or hall, in the breadth of all broad Scotland, which has not, time out of mind, on this night of the year witnessed some observance of the ancient and pleasant festival. Alike under gilded ceilings and roofs of thatch there is to be heard then the toasting of old memories and the pledging of health and fortune to the house and its occupants throughout the dawning year. About every village cross, too, as the last moments of the year approach, the young men of the neighbourhood have ever been wont to gather to greet the incoming day with shouts of rejoicing and with the curious traditional custom of “first-footing.” A generous festival it is, interesting from its antiquity and dear to most Scotsmen for the personal memories which it recalls. Even in the cities, where contact with the world tends greatly to obliterate such folk-customs, it is curious to see the ancient festival year after year assert itself, its observance the better assured, probably, because it brings back to those who attend it the scenes and memories of earlier, and, perhaps, happier, days.

Ever with the same details the time-honoured proceeding may be witnessed on the night of any 31st day of December at the cross of the ancient city of St. Mungo.

Some time before midnight the roar of the day's traffic has died out of the streets. The great warehouses are closed, and their windows gaze, like sightless eyes, into the deserted thoroughfares. To one imbued with the spirit of the hour, it is as if the city itself were thinking of the past; and the sudden sweep of wind that comes and dies away seems a sigh of regret for its departed glories. Many memories cluster about this ancient heart of Glasgow; and at such an hour and upon such a night it would seem little more than natural if the historic figures of the past should move again abroad. The spot itself, however, has, indeed, changed with time, and but few links are left to recall bygone days. Even the Saltmarket at hand has been so altered of late years that if worthy Baillie Nicol Jarvie were to step out again on the causeway he would find no trace at all of the narrow, ill-paved, unlighted lane of his day, with its high, rickety houses, and creaking shop-signs. Rather must the city pride herself now upon her glories of the present. Far off, upon the great Clyde artery at Govan, where the nets of the salmon-fishers once hung in the sun to dry, the noise of a myriad hammers has just ceased for the holiday, and the iron skeletons of a hundred ships stand silent in the darkness, spectres not of the past but of the future. Overhead, too, between the high house-roofs, the heaven is very dark, and above the lanterns of the clock the Tron steeple is hidden from sight; but one side of the neighbouring tower—that of the ancient Tolbooth in High-street—reflects the red glare, from a mile away, of iron furnaces at Hutchesontown—those undying vestal fires of the nineteenth century—and the golden vane upon the spire shines, strangely lit, alone in the dark heaven. Significant indications, these, of the strong modern life that throbs in the veins of the ancient city.

But the great gilt hand of the clock overhead is approaching midnight, and along the streets, from the four points of the compass, comes the sound of innumerable hastening feet. It is the crowd gathering to observe this immemorial ceremony of “bringing in the year.”

Few of the revellers, probably, reflect upon the antiquity of the custom they are observing; if they did, it might, perhaps, lend the proceeding a deeper interest in their eyes. To survive so many vicissitudes of history, the rite must once have possessed a solemn religious meaning. On the bank of the river below, the rough Norse rover has shouted “Was hæl” to Thor; on the crest of the hill above, the Roman warrior has poured libations to Jove. Bishops of a feudal church within the storied cathedral walls have said the mass of Christ; and the spires of many a Presbyterian kirk now rise round the ancient cross. But through all changes, through the ebb and flow of Faith and Fear, has come down the relic of an older worship, and in the mistletoe and the New-Year mysteries the Druid lives among us still. These people are gathering now, as for ages their race has gathered, to bid farewell to the old

year and welcome to the new, and to pour their mystic sacrifice to Time, not, indeed, as of old, upon the unconscious earth nor within the stone circle of a rude astronomy, but at least under the open sky and with something of the ancient wish-rites of the runes.

Quickly enough the last seconds of the year run out. The hand of the great clock is actually touching the hour. At last it strikes, a single bell—one, two, three—a bold sound in the silence; and immediately it is answered by a bewildering clangour from all the city belfries. Before the last stroke has died away a wild cheer bursts from the throat of the waiting crowd below. There is great commotion among the little groups; and as cheer after cheer rings up into the air, from the belfry overhead the city chimes ring out upon the night their welcome to the New Year.

Meanwhile everyone is drinking the health of everyone else, Celt and Saxon, countryman and citizen; and as no one can pass an acquaintance without hospitality offered and taken, and as, moreover, the dew of Ben Nevis is somewhat potent, the shaking of hands and wishing of good luck soon become fairly exuberant. Presently, however, everyone sets off to first-foot his friends.

The origin of this ceremony it is difficult to suggest, unless it be to represent some priestly visitation, a sacrament assuring to the people throughout the coming year the blessings of food and drink. A door-to-door proceeding, at any rate, it is—accompanied by much eating of cake and drinking of whisky, and it will last well into the morning hours. Lucky, for this performance, are accounted those dark of skin. If the first-footer be fair the tradition runs that it bodes ill-fortune for the year to the house whose threshold he or she has crossed; and often enough a door is shut in the face of such a friend simply because of his complexion. Moreover, the visitor must not come empty-handed; and so the bottle and broken wine-glass which each carries serve as a double introduction.

And now all who sat up till the city bells struck twelve, as well in the crowded tenements here as in the far-off suburbs of the rich, have wished each other a good New Year, and are retiring to rest. Among them, doubtless, there are many thoughts of sadness. Many a widow was a wife last year; many a ruined home was prosperous; many a soiled heart still was pure. But the old year, with its sorrow, has passed away in the night, and with the New Year's dawn a glimmer of hope comes in at the darkest casement. GEO. EYRE-TODD.

ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1889.

(From the “Illustrated London Almanac” for 1889.)

In the year 1889 there will be three Eclipses of the Sun, and two of the Moon.
Jan. 1. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, invisible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 24 minutes after 8 p.m., Greenwich mean time, in longitude 179 deg. E. of Greenwich, and north latitude 53 deg. in the North Pacific Ocean. The Central Eclipse at noon, or at 16 minutes after 9 p.m., Greenwich time, will still be in the North Pacific Ocean, some distance west of the coast of North America, in longitude 138 deg. W. of Greenwich, and latitude 38 deg. N.; and the Central Eclipse will end at 11h 30m p.m., Greenwich time, in North America, in longitude 94 deg. W. of Greenwich, and 52 deg. north latitude.

Jan. 17. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon on the morning of this day. It begins at 1 minute before 4 a.m. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 5h 30m a.m., and it will end at 7h a.m. At the time of the middle of the Eclipse about seven-tenths of the Moon's diameter will be hidden. The Moon sets at 8h 9m a.m.

June 28. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, invisible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 21 minutes after 7h a.m., in longitude 3 deg. W. of Greenwich, and south latitude 32 deg., a little to the west of Southern Africa. The central line will pass over South Africa a little north of Madagascar, across the Indian Ocean, to a place in 98 deg. east longitude, and south latitude 27 deg., where the Central Eclipse will end at 39 minutes after 10h a.m., Greenwich time.

July 12. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, during the evening. The Eclipse begins at 43 minutes after 7h p.m., but at this time the Moon is below the horizon. She rises at London at 8h 13m p.m., partly eclipsed. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 54 minutes after 8h, at which time rather less than one-half of her diameter will be hidden; and the Eclipse will end at 5 minutes after 10h p.m.

Dec. 22. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, not visible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 13 minutes after 11h a.m., Greenwich time, in longitude 79 deg. west of Greenwich, and 15 deg. north latitude, in the Caribbean Sea; then passes near the northern boundary of South America, crosses the Equator in 30 deg. west longitude, and thence across Southern Africa; and ends at 35 minutes after 2h p.m., in 48 deg. 40 min. east longitude, and 5 deg. 10 min. north latitude. This Eclipse will be visible in the northern half of South America; in Africa, with the exception of the north-west; in Arabia, and in the Atlantic Ocean.

An old woman, Bridget Gallagher, who was arrested at Queenstown, after landing from the Umbria, for smuggling into the country fifty rounds of ammunition, was before the Magistrates on Dec. 19, and was ordered to pay a fine of £2 10s. and costs, or, in default, to go to prison for one month.

Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of 83, Southwark-street, have issued their practical diaries for 1889, among them being the well-known ones for architects and builders. Their date-indicating blotting-pads are most convenient, and we would call attention especially to Nos. 7 and 8.

The new revised edition of “Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage” handbook is now published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co. and Messrs. George Bell and Sons. “Dod,” as most people know, differs from other Peerages and Baronetages in the fact that it treats, not of families, but of individuals, so that by the aid of its alphabetical arrangement the question, “Who is Lady Mary Jones or the Hon. John Smith?” may be settled in a moment. The new edition has been compiled with great care.

THE NEW FORCES IN INDIA.

A lecture has been delivered on this topic, at the London Institution, by Sir William Wilson Hunter. He said he proposed to deal with the subject familiarly, as one which had been long on his mind. The new India of which he had to speak was an India easily intelligible to all thinking men and women. No uncouth native names were wanted to explain its conditions and needs. The problems of the new India were the problems of free and growing peoples. They were the same problems which Englishmen had solved for themselves. We had undertaken the solemn task of becoming the earthly Providence to 250 millions of people. We had made them our fellow-subjects, under our beloved Queen, so far, at least, as concerns the educated Hindoos. At the same time we had to deal with dense masses who still thought the old Asiatic thoughts and lived the old Asiatic life. During seven centuries the warring races of Central Asia made India an Aceldama. Some mighty dynasty might at intervals give a breathing space. But the dread of destruction was never long absent from the Indian mind. Not once during the present century did the East India Company's Governors-General—e.g., Lord Metcalfe—feel strong enough to make invasion from without impossible, and to put down the internal predatory races. Her Majesty's forces were needed to grapple with the Mutiny of 1857. The lecturer gave the details of the happy revolution in trade, which by changing its character had so vastly increased its volume. India was no longer a mere maker of nick-nacks and a retailer in luxuries. It had become a great wholesale merchant and manufacturer, working with steam-mills and exporting agricultural products on an enormous scale. The same feeling of certainty and security was the motive power in the social and political as well as in the industrial development of the India of to-day. Having dealt with the industrial and political results of the new forces in India, Sir William Hunter proceeded to consider their social and religious results. With regard to the effect of the new forces upon the religious conceptions of the people, his view of the matter was that a new religion would before long arise in India. The forces at work were so powerful and so certain to produce some result or another that a new religion would arise. But he did not think that new religion would be our modern Christianity, although he believed that the Christian missions were at this moment among the most powerful factors in designing what that new religion should be. He summarised the main facts as to education in India, and exposed the fallacy of estimating the influence of the lettered class by the mere number of university graduates. In conclusion, he said we have thrown open the flood-gates of a new industrial, political, and social life in India. It would be as impossible to arrest the new political activity as to put a stop to the building of the cotton factories at Bombay, or to arrest the new educational activity by shutting up the five Indian universities (as Russia shut up her universities at the beginning of this year), and to close the 122,000 Indian schools and colleges.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

The Zoological Society's series of anthropoid apes has just received an important addition in the shape of a second specimen of the bald-headed chimpanzee (*anthropopithecus calvus*), which has been obtained by purchase of Mr. Cross, of Liverpool. The fine adult female of the same species which has been in the society's collection more than five years, and is commonly known as “Sally,” has attracted great attention among naturalists as being the only example of this distinct form of chimpanzee known in captivity; and also on account of its remarkable intelligence. It is, therefore, of much interest to have acquired a second individual of the same form. “Sally's younger sister” has been placed in an adjoining compartment in the ape-house, in company with a young female of the common chimpanzee, brought home from Sierra Leone and presented to the society by Mr. T. J. Alldridge, F.Z.S., in May last. The uniform black face and short-haired, almost bare, forehead of the bald-headed chimpanzee render the two species distinguishable at a glance. Along with these two chimpanzees are associated a young female orang (*Simia satyrus*) and a silver gibbon, lately presented by Captain D. L. Delacherois; so that all the three known genera of anthropoid apes may be now seen represented by living specimens.

It is stated that the National Rifle Association has acquired the Brookwood site, and will hold next year's meeting there.

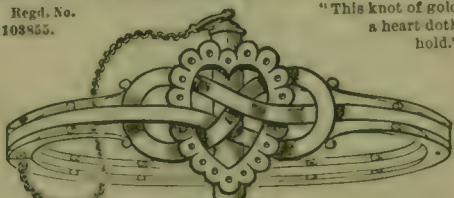
A brass tablet has been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, in memory of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathairn. It was designed by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., of Southampton-street, Strand.

The last monthly meeting of the Freemasons' Board of Benevolence for the year 1888 was recently held at Freemasons' Hall. Mr. Robert Grey presided. There were forty-seven applicants for assistance, and they were relieved with a total sum of £967. At the close of the meeting it was announced that during the year 1888 the total sum granted by the Board, including that evening's grants, had been £11,468, and that to meet the heavy calls on the fund, stock to the amount of £9000 had been sold out, the annual income of the fund not being sufficient to meet the awards.

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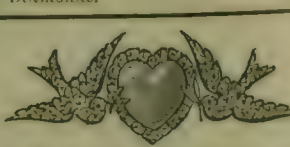
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 20, 1884) of Mr. William Quilter, late of No. 5, Moorgate-street, and No. 28, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, a former president of the Institute of Accountants, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 13 by William Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., and Edward Frederick Quilter, the sons, and Thomas Abercrombie Welton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £575,000. The testator, after stating that his wife, Mrs. Susan Quilter, is well provided for, bequeaths £71,740 to his son, William Cuthbert Quilter; £94,000 to his son, Edward Frederick Quilter; and £96,000 to his son, Harry Quilter, these sums, together with what he has advanced during his lifetime, making up each son's portion to £100,000; £45,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Eley and Miss Sarah Ellen Quilter, and an additional £5000 to his last-named daughter; £1000 to his niece, Mrs. Slater; an annuity of £200 to his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Abrahams; 500 guineas and £20 per annum for five years to his partner, Thomas Abercrombie Welton; £10 10s. to each of his clerks; £5 5s. to each of his servants; and £10,000 to his son Harry, in lieu of a share of the residue. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, William Cuthbert and Edward Frederick, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 14, 1886) of the Rev. Walter Sneyd, J.P., F.S.A., late of Keele Hall, Staffordshire, and No. 55, Portland-place, W., who died on July 2, was proved on Dec. 14, by Ralph Sneyd, the son, and the Ven. Ernald Lane, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £235,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the United Kingdom Beneficent Society; £500 to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and £100 each to the Convalescent Home and the chaplaincy attached thereto; £100 to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; £100 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and £300 to the Vicar of Cuddesden, upon trust, to apply the income for the benefit of the poor of the hamlet of Denton at Christmas-time; £100 to Lord Bagot; £100 to Lady Bagot; £50 each to Lord Zouche, the Earl of Delamere, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Bagot; £500 and an annuity of £200 to his sister, Mrs. Wise; £1500, his house, No. 55, Portland-place, with the furniture therein, and the income of a sum of £60,500 to his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Sneyd; his house in Eaton-square, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to such of his unmarried daughters, and, on their marriage or death, to his daughter, Mrs. Louise Georgiana Howard; £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Howard; £3000 to his daughter Isabel Clara; £2000 to his daughter Caroline Henrietta; and £1000 to his daughter Eleanor Frances: three-fourths of a sum of £10,000 Consols and £8000 cash between his last-named three daughters; and other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. Under the powers contained in the will of his brother, Ralph Sneyd, Esq., he charges Keele Hall, with the manors, lands, &c., in Staffordshire (by the said will settled on him for life, with remainder to his son Ralph, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male), with the payment of £1800 per annum to his wife

during her life, and portions of £6000 each to his four daughters. On the death of his wife, the sum of £60,500 is to be divided between his four daughters; but the share of Mrs. Howard is to be £9500 less than the shares of each of his other daughters, she having had certain sums given her on her marriage. His freehold and copyhold estates, and certain silver and furniture, are to follow the same trusts as those relating to Keele Hall. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Ralph absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 25, 1888), of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Baggallay, late of No. 53, Queen's-gate, formerly one of the Lords Justices of the Court of Appeal, who died on Nov. 13, at Hove, was proved on Dec. 18 by Dame Marianno Baggallay, the widow, Henry Charles Baggallay, Ernest Baggallay, and Claude Baggallay, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator gives and devises his freehold estate called "Mapletreuse," at Cowden, Kent, all his shares in certain public companies, and his stock in the English railways and the Indian Three per Cents, and a sum of £17,500, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life; at her death, his estate is to be sold, and the proceeds thereof, and the said stocks and shares, are to be equally divided between his children; and out of the sum of £17,500 he gives £2000 each to his sons, Henry Charles, Claude, Ernest, and Herbert, and the surplus between all his children. He bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Gertrude Hilda; and £5500, upon trust, for his daughters, Dora Helen, Marian, and Gertrude Hilda; and he states that he has made advances and settlements to his other children during his lifetime. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1885) of Mr. Henry Wilson Demain-Saunders, J.P., late of Fanshaws, Herts, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 13 by Mrs. Minnie Demain-Saunders, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator leaves all his property, whatsoever and wheresoever, both real and personal, to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1882) with a codicil (dated March 24, 1888) of Mr. Felix Vigne, formerly of Tokenhouse-yard, but late of No. 5, Pembroke-place, Bayswater, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 7 by Francis Alfred Hawker and John Henry Vigne, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his brother John, £100 to his brother Frederick, £50 to Mrs. Ada Vigne; an annuity of £50 to his sister, Mrs. Frances Emma Sinclair; £200 each to the Bishop of London's Fund and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and annuities to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth thereof to his brother John, one fourth to the children of his deceased brother Henry Thomas, and one fourth each to his brother Herbert and his brother-in-law, Francis Alfred Hawker.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 17, 1882), of Mr. Edward Augustus Dearman Brooshooft, late of Kirkella, East Riding, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 18, was

proved on Dec. 13 by Thomas Holden, Vincent Henry Parker, and William Hodgson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, to found three life-boats to be called "The Jonathan Marshall, Sheffield," "The Vincent Wilkinson, Kirkella," and "The Sarah Brooshooft, Kirkella"; £5000 to the Sheffield General Infirmary; £1000 to the Sheffield Dispensary; £1000 to the Hull Dispensary; £5000 to the Hull Seamen's and General Orphan Asylum (Spring Bank, Hull); £800 to the National Artillery Association, for the purpose of presenting his annual prize; £500 each to Edith, Helene, and Amy Holden, and £1500 between the other children of Thomas Holden; £2500, upon trust, for Mrs. Spencer for life, and then to her two daughters; £500 to each executor; £2000 among the children of Mrs. Parker; £2000 between the children of Mrs. Bailey; £1500, and the use, for life, of his furniture, to his wife; and many other large legacies at her death.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1879), with two codicils (dated June 26, 1881; and Nov. 31, 1886), of Mr. John Leighton Wade Dennett, late of Woodmancote Place, Sussex, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Dec. 7, by James Barnes Howlett, Arthur Smith, and John Whiteman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator bequeaths his house called "Felstead Villa," £1100 and an annuity of £50 to his servant Jane Buckman; £100 to each executor; £1500 to John Whiteman; annuities of £50 each to Mrs. Float and Maria Gorrings, and other legacies. He devises his Woodmancote estate, upon trust, for his eldest or only son, and in default thereof to his eldest or only daughter, and in default thereof to Arthur Smith, his heirs and assigns. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares, and on failure of issue to Arthur Smith.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Edward John Jones, late of Frongog, in the county of Cardigan, who died on Aug. 23, at Aberystwith, intestate, have just been granted to Mrs. Mary Jones, the widow, the value thereof exceeding £32,000.

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Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 3rd—Saturday, 7th.
F E B R U A R Y .
Saturday, 2nd.
M I G N O N .
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.
FAUST.
Mesdames Fides-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
LES PECHERES DE PERLES.
Madame Fides-Devriès;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
RIGOLETTO.
Mesdames Fides-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 26th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Fides-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 30th—Saturday, 3rd.
MARCH.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 7th—Saturday, 11th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 14th—Saturday, 18th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 21st—Saturday, 25th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 28th—Saturday, 1st.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 3rd—Saturday, 7th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 10th—Saturday, 14th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Tuesday, 17th—Saturday, 21st.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
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A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.
RIDING FOR LADIES. By Mrs. P.
O'DONOGHUE. 96 Illustrations by A.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Something new in weddings was seen at the City Temple the other day, when an American bridegroom married an English bride, and the ceremony was conducted according to the peculiar customs of a fashionable New York wedding. The bridal party were played into church by the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin," the bride, who was dressed in white satin, with front of silver brocade and real orange-blossoms, being led, as is usual, by her father. Behind her walked her sister alone, bearing the title of "maid of honour." Such an attendant is essential now at all fashionable American weddings, and her function is to give the bride all needful personal assistance, holding her bouquet and glove, and so on. When bride and bridegroom pass into the chancel to the altar rails, the maid of honour alone accompanies them, and kneels behind the bride. Well, then came the ordinary six bridesmaids, dressed in white cashmere, trimmed with swan'sdown; but instead of their walking in pairs alone, the groomsmen of old days were revived under the American title of "ushers," and six of these young gentlemen matched the six bridesmaids and walked with them up the aisle. The best man and the maid of honour formed another pair in leaving the church. In American weddings, I am told, the "ushers" do not generally walk with the bridesmaids, but lead the way into church and bring up the rear coming out. During the ceremony, the groomsmen formed a semicircle on the right hand of the bridegroom, while the bridesmaids stood in another line at the bride's left.

The recent marriages of the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Herbert (a son of Lady Herbert of Lea and brother to Lord Pembroke), who have all taken to themselves American wives within the past few months, have aroused something like consternation amongst us. We have no men to spare to these American enchantresses; how do they work their wicked spells to carry off our brethren? The list of women born and "raised" in the States who are holding important places in English society now, because married to Englishmen of position, is something formidable to contemplate, when it is remembered how seriously women outnumber men in England. Individually considered, certain of the English husbands might not be grudging by their own countrywomen to the fair Americans; but, statistically speaking, it is impossible to be satisfied with this new fashion of American invasion of our scantily-supplied preserves. With what ammunition do they come supplied, these fair poachers who make such bags?

That question has been submitted to the famous Mrs. Frank Leslie, who, having spent the last two seasons in London Society, may be presumed to know in what respects American and English women differ from each other in ways and characteristics. Her reply is that we make too much of our men, look up to them too ostentatiously, and simply bore them with too much attention. "English girls are dutiful daughters and sweet, womanly women; but they look up to men too much, are too subservient, coddle and fuss over men till they make them tired. In comes a bright, vivacious American girl. She orders the men about like the queen she is. They find her cool disregard of their superiority refreshing; they admire her vivacity; they like the bright sparkling chatter of American girls better than the serious thoughtful conversation of their own more intellectual countrywomen. English girls are far better educated than American girls; but also less lively and amusing." So says the American lady; and an ex-member of the United States Legation in England who was interviewed expressed much the same opinion. Only he added,

what is probably, after all, at the real root of the matter, that American girls (speaking of the daughters of rich men) are generally better dowered than English ones. He observed quite accurately, and not a little severely, on the evils of the custom which prevails in this aristocratic old country of concentrating the money of a family on the eldest son, or, at all events, on the sons, and leaving the daughters comparatively poor. "An Englishman worth 500,000 dollars gives his daughter 10,000 on her marriage and is called very generous; whereas an American father worth the same amount would think 100,000 dollars none too much to bestow on his daughter."

Well, there is the American explanation of the phenomenon. I fear it will not help our girls much. Here women are redundant—that is to say, women with small portions are—and cannot but know it. If the poor, gentle, affectionate, housewifely girl who has no prospect or hope but in marriage, and feels no independence, no "queendom" in her soul, should vainly try to acquire the consequential and self-reliant air of her American sister, her fate would probably be that of the frog who emulated the ox. Because American women are supported in their "independence," not only by the numerical equality of the sexes, but by the favours of fortune. There is the secret, I fear. An English heiress, after all, may be as independent and unsubservient as she likes, but she will have her chances of marrying well, never doubt it. But the unwritten Salic law which prevails in our society, postponing the daughters to the sons, makes our heiresses few in number. The whole tone of American society seems to be different from ours. Here, if there is not enough money to give both boys and girls a good education, the girls must go unlearned—the boys will be preferred. Here, if there are not the means at the father's disposal both to start his sons in life and to dower his daughters, again the girls will be the sufferers. Then, on the other hand, as Greville Murray said, "Nearly all the younger sons of noble houses in England are matrimonial adventurers." Brought up with luxurious and extravagant tastes, and with every inducement to be idlers and no notion of real work, they are ultimately obliged to live on what is to them a pittance, unless they can "marry money." In America, on the other hand, hardly any men are without some definite occupation, hardly any boys are brought up to contemplate a life of lounging; and if a father has not a great fortune, so as to give much to all his children, he will give the largest share to the girls on the ground that the young men can work, while the girls should not be obliged to do so. All these things combine to make marriage far from a certainty to well-born young English women, and encourage the introduction in their place of American brides into our upper-class families.

Evidence of the interest felt in the position, work, and capabilities of our sex is supplied by the frequency with which papers discussing these points appear in the magazines and reviews. The frank and scornful rudeness of some of these is not altogether pleasant; but their very existence belies their tone. It has been reserved for that enterprising and original monthly, the *Universal Review*, to focus the opinions of women themselves on the changes in woman's position worked within living memory. A series of articles on "The Progress of Woman" was begun in the November number of the *Review*, the subjects being "In Politics," by Mrs. Fawcett; "In Education," by Miss Clough, Principal of Newnham; "In Literature," by Lucas Malet (the *nom-de-plume* of a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley); and "In Medicine," by Mrs. Scherlieb, M.D. In the December number the series is concluded with "In College Life," by Miss M. Lacey; "In Legal Status," by Mrs. Fenwick-

Miller; and "In Business," by Miss Emily Faithfull. The record of alteration in the tone of society and in law and in custom is a most striking one, and will probably startle many not before familiar with the fact that we have lived through a period of noiseless but mighty revolution. "Progress," indeed, there has been in the last five-and-twenty years—progress vast and undeniable; but whitherward—whether to greater happiness, goodness, and influence or whether to the reverse of all these, we cannot certainly know. It will be known by our daughters of centuries hence.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND FEDERATION.

At the Bethnal-Green Free Library on Dec. 20 the Earl of Aberdeen gave a lecture on "The British Empire and Federation." Mr. George Howell, M.P., presided. In commencing his lecture Lord Aberdeen said he should divide his subject into two parts—in the first place, treating of federation as a principle and a system; and, secondly, considering the application of that great principle to the British Empire. What was wanted by peoples was not concentration but consolidation. Federation was essentially pacific; it promoted peace and checked war. After tracing the gradual development of the federation principle from the earliest times, and analysing the circumstances connected with that development, Lord Aberdeen brought his remarks to bear on modern times. We never heard talk now, he said, of the Colonies being separated from the mother country, as so frequently happened only a few years ago. On the contrary, the topic of the day was federation. It was a very practical question. The colonists were our own kith and kin, and it was not surprising that any scheme for bringing the Colonies and this country into closer and firmer connection should be popular. Then there was the question of increased security that federation would ensure, thus improving the chances of peace and maintaining the prosperity of the commerce between the Colonies and Great Britain. The concluding portion of the lecture consisted of an interesting account of a recent visit to Australia made by Lord and Lady Aberdeen. The proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer.

Two hundred and twenty volumes of the Record Commission's publications have been presented to the Bar Library at the Royal Courts of Justice, which, though only established in June, 1884, now contains over 8000 volumes.

A handsome coffee-house, erected at a cost of about £25,000, was opened at Leicester on Dec. 20 by the Duchess of Rutland. The building has been designed by Mr. Burgess, of London. This is the twelfth house opened at Leicester.

The tenth festival dinner of the friends of the East London Hospital for Children was held at Willis's Rooms on Dec. 20. Mr. C. A. Prescott (vice-chairman of the board of management) in the chair. Subscriptions were announced amounting to nearly £2000.

The marriage of Lord Moreton, son of the Earl of Ducie, with Ada Margarette, eldest daughter of Mr. Dudley Robert Smith, of Pierbright, Surrey, took place in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Dec. 18. Mr. Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote acted as best man; and the bride was attended to the altar by six bridesmaids—the Misses Beatrice, Muriel, and Cicely Smith (her sisters), Miss Oakley and Miss Clara Macdonald Moreton (cousins of the bridegroom), and Miss Leveson Gower. The bride was led to the chancel by her father.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Dramatic London is on the tip-toe of expectation as to the new readings of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are to give at the Lyceum revival of Shakspeare's tragedy on the 29th of December. Meanwhile, by a happy arrangement, Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres are again devoted to different classes of amusement, though each is so exceptionally bright and attractive in its way that hosts of holiday folks are pretty certain to throng both houses throughout the Christmas Holidays, and, in the case of Drury-Lane, long after the little people who rule the roost at this season have gone back to school. At the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, Mr. W. Freeman Thomas and Messrs. Hengler have united to produce a signally grand Circus entertainment, which should be the delight of children for many and many an afternoon and evening to come. In addition to an unusually large number of "goddesses in gauze," the management has engaged those wonderfully docile and well-trained colossal performers, Mr. Lockhart's troupe of acrobatic elephants; an astonishingly novel ursine equestrian; a strong company of diverting clowns, with "Whimsical Walker," one of the very drollest and quaintest of his tribe, at their head; "bare-backed" riders who perform daring acts of equestrian; besides masters and mistresses of *la haute école* to witch London with noble horsemanship.

Numerous as have been the pantomimic, or, rather, spectacular successes of Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury-Lane, it will be generally acknowledged that he has capped them all with his tenth and most resplendent, "The Babes in the Wood; and, Robin Hood and his Merry Men," which the enterprising lessee has written and arranged in collaboration with Mr. E. L. Blanchard and Mr. Harry Nicholls. The quaint novelty of the richly-diversified Procession and Ballet of Toys and Games, and the rare beauty and unrivalled magnificence of the Procession and Ballet of Birds demand a longer description than can be given to these charming and alluring *chef d'œuvres* in a necessarily brief first review of the Christmas productions. As feasts of colour, they are unique. Especially bewitching is the marvellous regiment of well-matched coryphées garbed as birds with every imaginable kind of plumage. There are seductive pigeons in grey, blue and scarlet parrots, cockatoos in white, lyre birds and birds of paradise whose silks and feathers must be worth a king's ransom, flamingos, ostriches, kingfishers, canaries, blackbirds, and innumerable other specimens of the feathered tribe, attired with a harmony of colour worthy a Chevreuil. It is a delight to watch the manoeuvres of this superlatively beautiful array of birds; and there can be little doubt people will go again and again to Drury-Lane to witness this unparalleled Bird Ballet alone. It is in this enchanting scene—after graceful *Æneid* has indulged in several flights to "the flies"—that the exceedingly droll pair of "Babes," Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell, dance a mirth-moving *pas de deux* that fills the house with laughter. Where Robin Hood (Miss Harriet Vernon) comes in is in her sweetheating scenes with Maid Marian (Miss Florence Dysart). The songs of this couple, music by that admirable young conductor and composer, Mr. Walter Slaughter, are notably melodious. They have, of course, a Good Fairy to watch over them and make them happy at last. It will be, however, next to the incomparable Ballet of Toys and Ballet of Birds (the masterpieces of Mr. Augustus Harris and Madame Katti Lanner), the humours of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell as the grotesquely

comic "Babes in the Wood," and to the excellent pantomime of Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., as the nimble and knowing pug-dog, that will afford most gratification to the laughter-loving pit and gallery. Mr. Harry Payne, our most popular clown, remains King of the Harlequinade, and has this year provided fresh food for mirth, especially in "The Clown's Dream," with its rollicking shadow pantomime, and quick transformation to a boat on the ocean. "The Babes in the Wood," upon which Mr. Harris must have spent a small fortune—a great share going to the remarkably expensive plumage dresses in the Bird Ballet—should prove the most potent in attractive power of any spectacle he has produced.

Admirers of pantomime will also find fare to suit their palates in the exceptionally elegant version of "Cinderella," by Mr. Horace Lennard, at the Crystal Palace; in Mr. Geoffrey Thorne's smart edition of the same nursery story at the Grand, rightly called "Sweet Cinderella" there, as the ever-charming heroine is cleverly impersonated by vivacious Dot Mario; in the revival for matinees of Mr. Savile Clarke's delightful fairy piece, "Alice in Wonderland," at the Globe (where Mr. Richard Mansfield has in the evening resumed the performances of "Prince Karl"); and in another winsome children's play, "Little Goody Two-Shoes," given at the Court Christmas matinees. The mirth-inspiring "Faust Up to Date" of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt has been brightened with new songs, and by the addition of Miss Violet Cameron to the cast. The Surrey tells again the tale of "The Forty Thieves"; and at the Britannia Mrs. Lane mounts "The Magic Dragon."

"The Silver Falls" met with a rapturous reception at the Adelphi on Dec. 22; and the adroit joint authors, Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, as well as Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, appeared highly pleased when they were applaudingly called before the curtain at the close of this remarkably powerful and exciting new melodrama. The redcoats and bluejackets, of whom there had been rather a surfeit at the Adelphi, are not "in it" this time. "The Silver Falls" is, indeed, peculiarly acceptable by reason of the freshness of its picturesque local colour, three of the four acts taking place in Mexico. The strong story opens in England—on the lawn of a pretty riverside villa at Richmond. Hither Eric Normanhurst (Mr. William Terriss) has brought his handsome bride Lola (Miss Olga Nethersole), and the enamoured young husband gallantly defends her reputation against the impeachment of his uncle, Lord Avondale, till Eric is convinced by irrefragable proof that he has married a designing adventuress of the basest character. The audience is let into this secret before the deceived husband, being privileged to witness the stolen interviews the wily Mexican woman of the world has with the false friend of Eric, Dick Redmayne, who levies blackmail from her, and also with her passionate Mexican lover, the refugee embezzler, Marcos Valles, whose mistress she had formerly been. Forsaking Lola and leaving England, Eric Normanhurst seeks a new life in the sunnynaming village of Santa Rosa, Mexico, where rough but good-hearted miners of the type of Bret Harte's "Poker Flat," as ready with a kind action as they are with a revolver, foregather at the shanty of that good-humoured "Universal Provider," Jack Slingsby. It is at Santa Rosa that Eric, well-nigh done for by falling over a precipice, is nursed back to life and love by fair and gentle Primrose Easterbrook (Miss Millward), as captivating a heroine as one would wish to see, in her neat green Zouave jacket, pale primrose skirt, and pink sash. Charming natural and poetical as are the love-scenes between Eric and Primrose (who are married after Marcos Valles has informed him of Lola's death in New Orleans),

these sympathetic episodes are eclipsed by the powerful situation brought about by the sudden appearance of Lola to seek shelter in Eric's new home on the night of his and Primrose's wedding. When Mr. Terriss has thoroughly familiarised himself with the emotional requirements of this strongly-dramatic scene, and the full tide of passion is thoroughly developed between the agonised husband and the woman he had good reason for deserting, the effect of this moving meeting cannot fail to be enhanced. The piece is brought to a stirring close by the murder of Lola by Marcos Valles, and by the happy reunion of Eric and Primrose near the radiantly bright cascade of "The Silver Falls." Miss Olga Nethersole made another step in advance as the fascinating adventuress, Lola; Mr. Charles Cartwright imparted to the romantic character of Marcos Valles a life and fire that materially helped the piece; whilst Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward, Mr. J. D. Beveridge and Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. Royce Carleton and Miss Clara Jecks, Miss A. Dairrolles, Mr. J. Carne, and Mr. James East filled their parts with characteristic ability. The Thames tableau by Mr. Walter Johnstone and the bright Mexican scenes by Mr. Bruce Smith could not be excelled for beauty. "The Silver Falls" is a golden success.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has accepted the office of conductor of the Leeds Musical Festival to be held in October next.

Earl Fitzwilliam has intimated his intention of returning 20 per cent to his agricultural tenants on the Malton estate.

Sir Horace Davey, Liberal, has been returned to Parliament for Stockton-on-Tees by a majority of 395 over Mr. Wrightson, the Conservative candidate.

Dr. Stubbs was on Dec. 24 elected Bishop of Oxford by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, after morning service in the cathedral.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Earl of Kintore to be Governor of South Australia, on the retirement of Sir William C. F. Robinson, G.C.M.G.; and of the appointment of Sir Henry Arthur Blake, K.C.M.G., to be Governor of Jamaica.

It has been decided in the Court of Appeal that trust money intended for missions to poor heathen, who have no means of getting religious instruction for themselves, is money given for a "charitable purpose," and is, therefore, not subject to income tax.

A two days' conference of the head-masters of public schools was held on Dec. 20 and 21 at Winchester. The conference discussed the subjects of competitive examinations, entrance and other scholarships, the introduction of modern languages and natural science into the Universities, and kindred topics.

Princess Christian, president of the Princess Helena College for Girls, at Ealing, visited the college on Dec. 20 and distributed the prizes gained by the students during the year; and on the same day Princess Mary Adelaide opened a new mission hall at the Victoria Docks, which has been erected at the cost of Louisa Lady Ashburton in connection with her evangelical mission in that populous district.

DEATH.

On Dec. 18, at Oran, Algeria, Lieutenant-Colonel William Lawrence Twentyman, late of 1st Royal Dragoons and 18th and 19th Hussars, elder son of the late William Holme Twentyman, J.P. and D.L., of Ravensworth, St. John's-wood-park, N.W., aged 55.

*The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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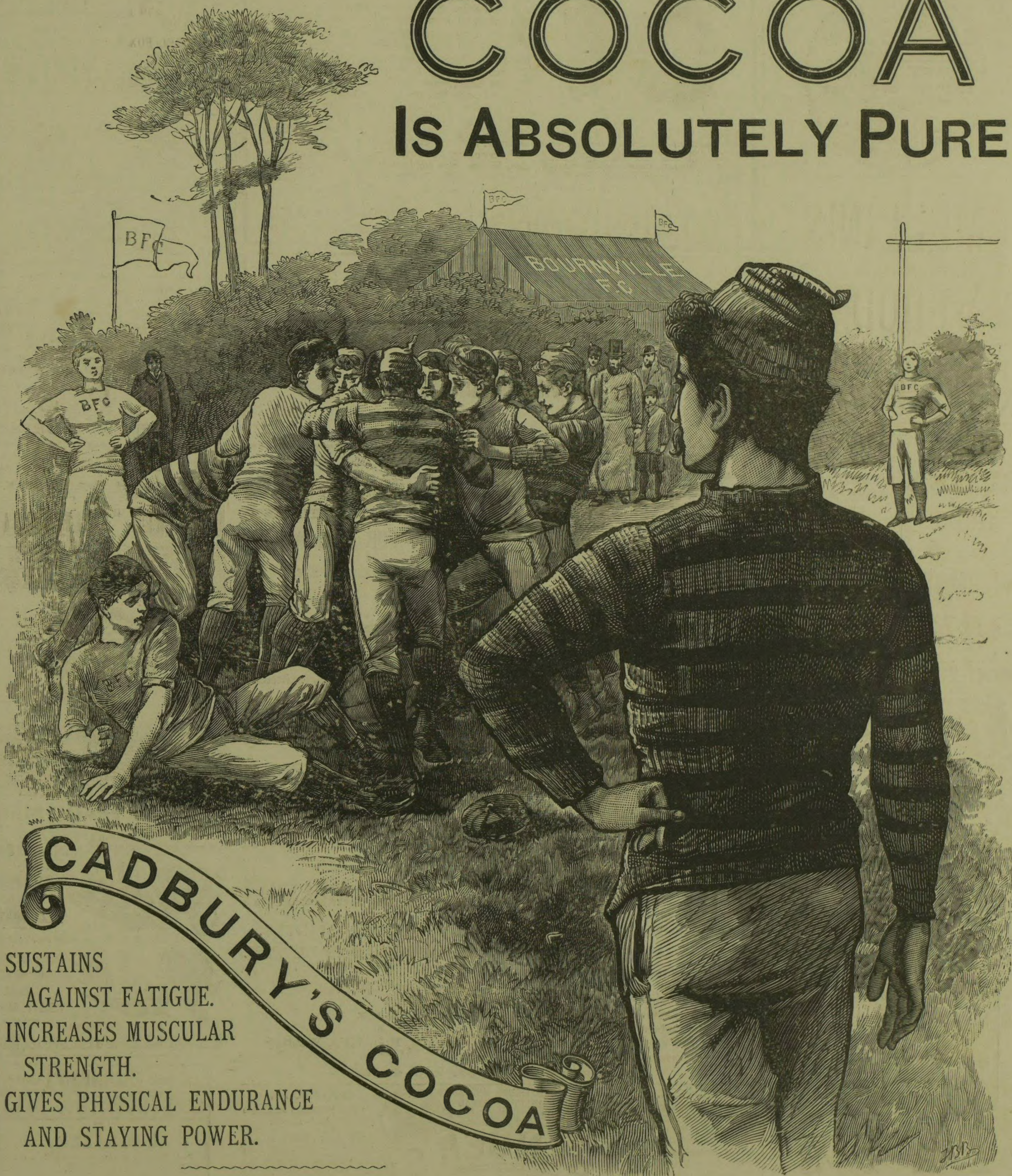
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